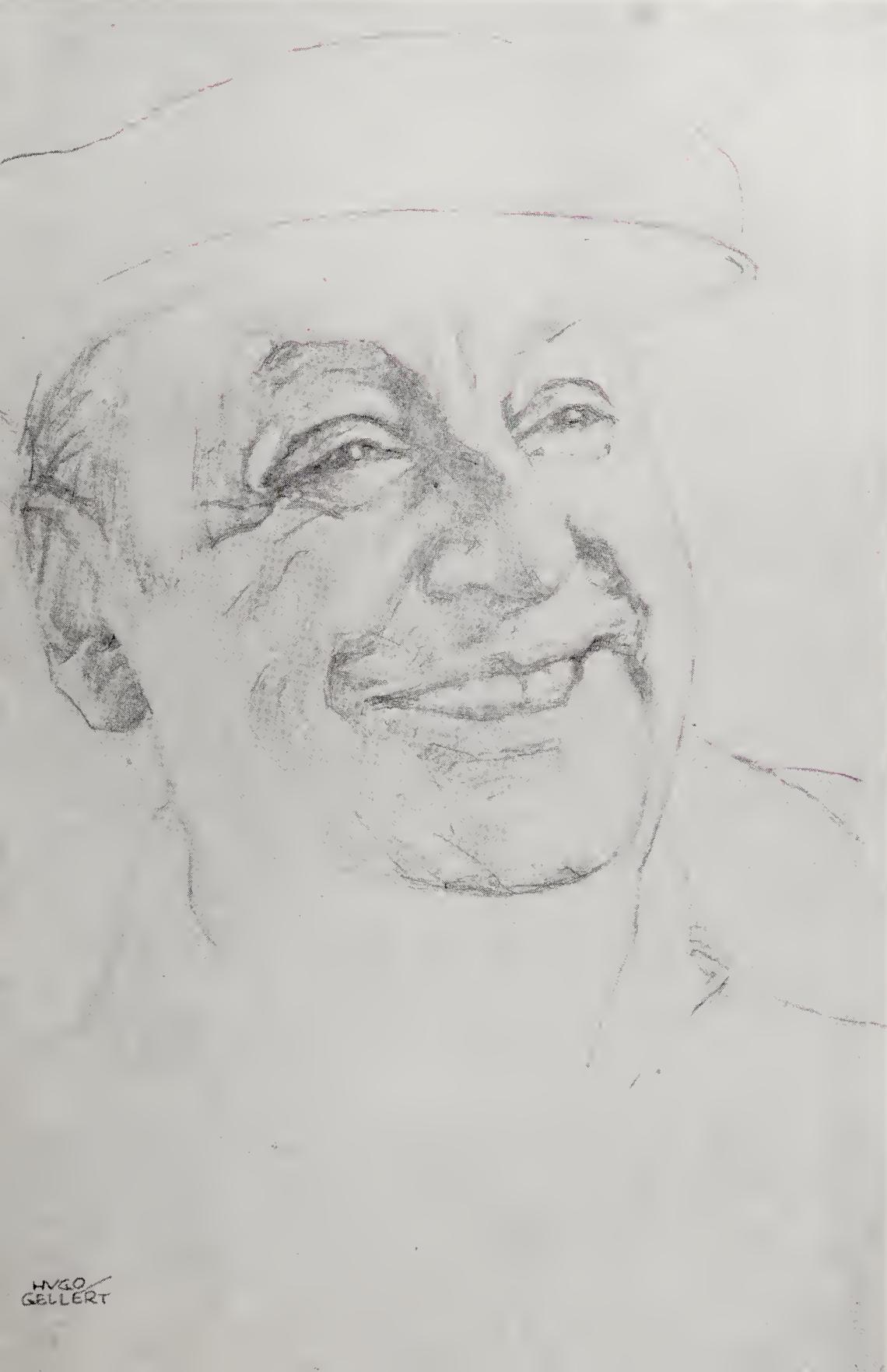


WINTER, 1972

\$1.25

AMERICAN DIALOG



POETRY SELECTIONS

Pablo Neruda

INTELLECTUALS
ETHICS
FREEDOM

Henry Winston

HERBERT BIBERMAN

Ring Lardner Jr.
Barrows Dunham
Gale Sondergaard
Edward Biberman

INTERNATIONAL
CHILDREN'S
FILM FESTIVAL

Ruby Dee

PABLO NERUDA

← Marxist Poet
Nobel Prize Laureate

Contents

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AN ORGAN OF CULTURE
 AND LIFE
 FREE ANGELA DAVIS
 THE REVOLUTION
 IS TO BE HUMAN
 POETRY SELECTIONS
 TO PABLO NERUDA
 MONSOON
 INTELLECTUALS,
 ETHICS,
 FREEDOM
 SYSTEMS ANALYSIS AND
 SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY
 PENTAGON PAPERS
 ANNIVERSARY—MAY 1970
 HERBERT BIBERMAN:
 The "Hollywood Ten"
 Artist and Man
 Portrait
 Herbert Biberman and
 Gale Sondergaard
 Exemplar
 EUGENE V. DEBS: LABOR'S
 HISTORIC MISSION
 BIG DADDY PAPER DOLL
 POLITICS
 I NOMINATE GEISMAR
 INTERNATIONAL
 CHILDREN'S FILM FESTIVAL
 I'M A WORKER
 T.V.: FROM WASTELAND
 TO DESERT
 HISTORY DOES
 MOVE AHEAD
 BOOKS RECEIVED
 BLACK AUTHORS AND
 WHITE JUDGES
 AN ELEMENTARY
 EDUCATION
 PABLO NERUDA
 NOTHING NEW UNDER
 THE SUN

- 3 L. M. M.
- 4 The Editors
- 5 Walter Lowenfels
- 6 Pablo Neruda
- 7 Walter Snow
- 8 Felix Pollak
- 9 Henry Winston
- 12 Hank Starr
- 15 Laszlo Kubinyi
- 16 Tom McGrath
- 17 Ring Lardner Jr.
- 18 Gale Sondergaard
- 19 Edward Biberman
- 19 A Photograph
- 24 Barrows Dunham
- 20 Bill Andrews
- 23 May Stevens
- 24 Josiah Bridge
- 25 Joseph North
- 28 Ruby Dee
- 30 Jayne Cortez
- 31 Ben Levine
- 32 George M. Fishman
- 37
- 38 Anca Vrbovska
- 39 Holly Elkins Cabarrus
- Front Cover—Hugo Gellert
- Back Cover—Thomas Nast

Vol. 7

WINTER 1972

No. 1

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AN ORGAN OF CULTURE AND LIFE

EDITORIAL

To the cultural establishment of his day Gallileo said: "But the world still moves." Because of this truth we find ourselves with the honor of congratulating the greatest living poet in the Hispanic world, the greatest living American poet, Pablo Neruda, newly proclaimed Nobel Laureate of Poetry.

Pablo Neruda, America's beloved celebrant of culture and life has long been identified with American Dialog as one of its international sponsors. Our readers, sponsors and editorial board have, then, special reason to be filled with pride on this occasion. Well do we recall the evening arranged by Dialog at the home of film producer, Lionel Rogosin, when Neruda enthralled us with the reading of his poetry.

The peoples of the world, along with outstanding cultural leaders, are celebrating this significant development and are assessing the full meaning of the awarding of the Nobel prize to a Marxist poet-diplomat.

At this moment in history, the owners of *Time-Life*, the cultural advocates of U. S. imperialism, who predicted that the U.S.A. would dominate the globe in an "American Century," made a noteworthy announcement. Members of their staff were informed that because of financial considerations many of them will be freed from their responsibilities as writers and editors and free to collect their unemployment checks. The timing of the announcement just before Christmas was in line with U. S. corporate practice. Moved by the spirit of the season, management freely acknowledged that the removals did not reflect in any way on the great skills of the departing staff members.

In its 148th year, on February 8, 1968, *The Saturday Evening Post* expired without a tear from its "too many subscribers."

Look, with its entire staff, is gone.

Our readers in their twenties may have to be reminded that gone is another magazine, *Colliers*, which in a bold, expansive and free style devoted its entire issue of October 27, 1951 to predictions by cultural elite in many fields that the "Forecast for 1960" was for the destruction of the U.S.S.R. by the U.S.A.

Norman Cousins, the indestructible, for 25 years editor of the cultural periodical, *The Saturday Review*, must surrender his editorship to monopoly which would

soothe the readership with the announcement that the new editor has the same initials as Norman Cousins.

One after another of the purveyors of U. S. imperialist culture is being devoured by their own kind with little concern for the artists and writers involved. We protest. The economic strangulation of writers and artists must cease. Let there be increased support of artists and community leaders who are calling for a meaningful federal arts project with controls resting with the artists themselves in conjunction with the communities they serve.

Recently the Congress of American Writers, speaking for 40,000 members, expressed alarm about the attacks upon writers and the free press and called for vigilance and efforts to protect the freedoms of the writers and the press. The flowering of the arts requires an atmosphere of economic and political freedom for the artists.

While currently artists are degraded and art defiled in the U.S.A., the nations of the world pay homage to the greatness of Pablo Neruda and other cultural giants who are exemplars of the Marxist world outlook.

The centenary of the birth of the U. S. novelist, Theodore Dreiser, a Communist, is being observed in many lands. In our own country even the man now seeking the renewal of his lease, no matter the cost, on the White House was impelled to send a congratulatory telegram to the celebrants in Dreiser's hometown, Terre Haute, Indiana.

The New York Times joined with world figures paying tribute to the enormous contributions to science and philosophy of the British Marxist, J. D. Bernal, who died last year.

President Pompidou of France, along with millions all over the world, honored on his 90th birthday the renowned artist, Picasso, who takes great pride in his membership in the Communist Party of France.

Millions throughout the Socialist and Capitalist worlds are calling for the freedom of the courageous woman Communist and instructor of philosophy, Angela Davis, who has been jailed and faces the death penalty in California because she follows the Marxist tenet that it is the responsibility of philosophers not only to study the world but to change it.

When *Time-Life* was arrogantly predicting an

"American Century" (How Pablo Neruda is angered by the unilateral co-option of the term, "America," in referring to the U.S.A!), Pablo Neruda, hounded by the Chilean police because of his Communist views, said at the Continental Congress for World Peace at Mexico City in 1949: "Dying capitalism is filling the cup of human creation with bitter beverage. . . . We expect a different kind of work from this continent of ours. We should give our American countries the strength of joy, the youth they lack. We must point the way and ourselves walk thereon in front of our people. We must cleanse that road until it shines, so that tomorrow other people may walk thereon."

Neruda's view of the future proved him a better seer than the owners of *Time-Life*. He is a better seer because his philosophy prompted him to be a doer who fashioned, in consultation with his people, the coalition policy in Chile which brought the Allende government to power. Today Neruda represents his people at the Paris embassy of Chile.

Neruda attributes his understanding to his Marxist outlook which "Made me build on the rock of reality." His party, the Communist Party of Chile, "Made me see the world's light / and the possibility for happiness." About his philosophy he says further it "Gave me the freedom the solitary does not have."

We draw great strength from such truths and, in addition, the understanding so essential to publish a cultural organ to assist in the promotion of people's culture at a time when death dealing dangers swirl about us.

While the mass media spread their decadent and debilitating cultural concepts, while they corrupt the unwitting artists they have co-opted with their private-profit-oriented deceptions, more and more cultural workers are refusing to be taken and are being joined by a steadily growing number of artists, scientists and

professionals who are breaking loose from the cultural conglomerates. They are also shaking loose from the illusions about the alleged freedom they enjoy. Ex think-tanker, Daniel Ellsberg, senses greater freedom now than he did when he was a "creative" programmer for the computers which produced the Pentagon Papers. This despite the current threat to jail him for revealing truths.

While commercial periodicals sink into oblivion, "underground papers," produced by responsible critics of our social order, flourish throughout the land.

For us the lesson is clear. Our "rock of reality" will be to root ourselves among the artists, scientists and professionals and among the tenacious young men and women creatively carving out a people's culture, a culture concerned with welfare and not warfare, concerned with the unity and differences in the human family and not with racism; concerned with the dignity of women and children and not with the destruction of our families and the corruption of our youth, concerned in essence with the enrichment of life.

We shall determinedly seek out the works of those who recognize that the solitary artist can have no freedom divorced from the people, their travail, their aspirations, their needs. Our pages are open to the unknown and the known, Black and white, Puerto Rican, Chicano, Indian, young and old.

Our pages are for novelists, graphic artists, musicians, actors, dancers, satirists, essayists, poets, educators, sociologists, scientists, in fact, all who contribute to the store of cultural riches in our land.

Our test for acceptance: creativity and dedication to making a reality "the possibility of happiness" for our nation and all nations of the world.

We shall labor to make American Dialog an outstanding organ of Culture and Life.

L. M. M.

FREE ANGELA DAVIS

"The trial of sister Angela Davis for the capital offenses of conspiracy to commit murder and kidnapping will be under way within the month. Unless full, concerted action is taken by the Black community, at all levels, from political leaders to teachers, white collar workers, businessmen, students, workers and the grass roots, Angela Davis will be railroaded and found guilty by the coordinated racist forces of the State of California and nationwide government."

—*The Black Scholar*, December 1971

"A fair trial for Angela Davis means declaring her innocent."

—Howard Moore, chief counsel for Angela Davis

The preservation of our democratic liberties is the responsibility of all of us. We urge all our readers, white and Black, to heed the call of *The Black Scholar* by offering your help and rushing much needed legal defense funds to your local committee or those listed below:

Angela Davis Defense Fund
#1 Union Square

New York City (212) 929-0829

Chicago Committee to Free Angela Davis
606 South Ashland Ave.
Chicago, Ill. (312) 421-7271

National United Committee to Free Angela Davis
2085 Sutter Street

San Francisco, Cal. (415) 922-5800

Atlanta Committee to Free Angela Davis
Morehouse College
Atlanta, Georgia (404) 525-4416

THE REVOLUTION IS TO BE HUMAN

To Pablo Neruda

Walter Lowenfels

Mayakovsky listed among a poet's requirements: continual replenishment of verbal resources.

I would spell this out: In the first place the usual reserves—history, ethnology, the modern ballet, Mexican mural painting, cave paintings of France, temples at Paestum, carvings of the Etruscan masters, good coffee and the knowledge of how to make an edible omelette, pathology—(very necessary to cover the putrefaction of our ruling class)—astronomy, also essential to keep track of our future, metallurgy, oceanography, the botanies, with catalogs of flowers and seeds, sex lures, modern sounds, from Ives and Schoenberg to Coltrane, folk music, the human body in all postures, movies, skiing, symphonies, good and bad (even Mahler can be a reverse push, when Beethoven becomes overpowering) logistics and so on—all enlightened and unified by the practice of scientific socialism.

But such ordinary reserves are not enough for a poet of the so-called Western World. He has to shift his roots, the way the earth does in an earthquake.

He has to sink streamers into the reserves of China, beginning with Chu Yuan. He has to absorb the entire earth, with a special twist toward the socialist sector.

We have to replenish our own historical reserves. We have to plumb deeper, in the U.S.A., into our continental shelf. We have to claim our heritage from the Araucanians of Tierra del Fuego to the Eskimo tribes of Point Barrow, not one of whom has ever given up the struggle for his identity.

How else can one incorporate into one person the entire human psyche?

We have to be, to be ourselves and citizens of the U.S.A.—Indian-African-Black-White-Asian-Latin-American personalities.

Then the poet speaks the sense of one world, not a bric-a-brac stored in a dream castle on the Wall Street Rhine—but a world of working class solidarity that sweeps its victory around the complete globe.

We have to sink our reserves not only in the past but in the future: Africa, Latin-America, China, USSR—the continents and nations where the future is being made, today. This does not mean to give up our own American revolutionary heritage: it means we revive and refresh it.

We move toward a world culture—national in form, international, human, socialist in content.

This is today's poetic license—our freedom—the freedom of necessity, for there is no other way to replenish ourselves.

It is in the embrace of the world's total freedom that our own Valley Forges and Nat Turners come alive.

This is the poem your fellow workers expect—only the best; anything else is a disgrace.

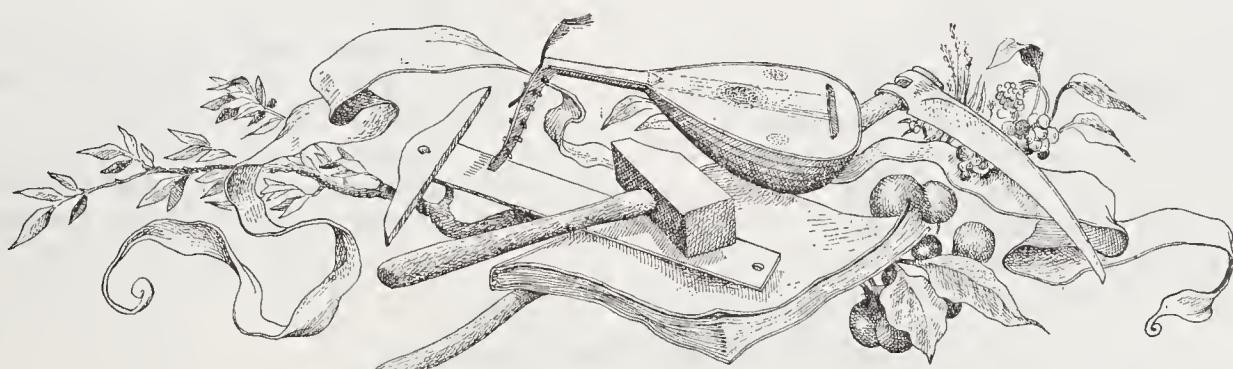
A poem in our time creates out of the situation not as it is but as it is becoming.

Who sees the rainbow? Who detects the jonquil?

Once we recognize the great worldwide poem we find the whole affair—production, distribution, consumption, birth, rebirth—is one grand song in a performance joined by everyone.

The revolution is to be human.

Walter Lowenfels, poet, anthologist, just published *Poetry et Revolution*, Montreal, 1971.



PABLO

TO MY PARTY

You made me see the unity and differences in men;
showed me how one's pain died in the victory of all,
You taught me to sleep in my brothers' hard beds,
Made me build on the rock of reality.
You made me the adversary of the wicked
and a rampart against the frenzied;
Made me see the world's light
and the possibility of happiness.
You made me indestructible because with you
my own self does not end.
You gave me the fraternity toward those I know not;
Added others' strength to mine.
You gave me the Fatherland as a birthright,
Gave me the freedom the solitary does not have.
You taught me to kindle goodness like a fire,
And gave me the rectitude that a tree needs.

Translated by Alberto Moreau.

LET THE RAIL-SPITTER AWAKE

Let the Rail Splitter awake.
Let Abe come with his axe
and his wooden plate
to eat with the farmers;
Let his head like tree-bark
his eyes like those in wooden-planks
and oak-tree boles,
turn to look on the world
rising above the foliage
higher than the sequoias.
Let him buy something in a drugstore
let him take a bus to Tampa
let him bite into a yellow apple
and enter a moviehouse to talk
with all the simple people.

Let the Rail Splitter awake

* * *
Let Abe come, let his aged yeast raise
the green and gold earth of Illinois,
let him lift up his axe in his own town
against the new slaveholders
against the slave-lash
against the poisoned merchandise
they want to sell.
Let them march, singing and smiling
the young white, the young Negro,
against the walls of gold
against the manufacturer of hate
against the merchant of their blood,
let them sing, laugh and conquer.

Translated from the Spanish by Waldeen, reprinted from *Masses & Mainstream*.

NERUDA

BETWEEN THE MOUNTAIN AND THE RIVER

Translated by Helen and Richard Greenleaf from *Vos Proletaria*,
Bogota, Colombia.

American sand, solemn planted field, mountain-range, sons, brothers threshed by the old misfortunes, let us collect all the live grain before it returns to earth, and may the new corn yet be born have heard your words and repeat them, and be repeated. And sing by night and day, and bite and devour, and propagate throughout the earth, and fall swiftly silent, to sink below stones discover nocturnal doors and once more emerge in birth, to divide and conduct themselves like bread, like hope, like air that circles ships. the corn will carry you my song risen from the roots of my people, to be born, to build, to sing, and to become seed again more numerous in combat.

In my country there is highland,
In my country there is lowland.

Come with me.

When night ascends the highland,
Hunger fills the lowland.

Come with me.

Who are those who suffer?
They're nameless, but they're mine.

Come with me.

And I hear: "This, this your people
Your wretched, miserable people,
Between the mountain and the river,

With hunger and with sorrow,
Yearns for comrades in the struggle,
Waits and waits and waits for you,
friend."

Oh, my beloved,
My little one,
My crimson grain of wheat —

Long and hard will be the fight,
Long and hard will be our life,
But come thou must with me.

THE FUGITIVE (Excerpt)

Translated by Waldeen from *New Orlando Poetry Anthology*,
Vol. 1.

TO PABLO NERUDA

Walter Snow

At last the Andean condor has been laureled
by a narrow margin of the Nobel clique of eighteen
that often showered rainbow pots of gold on obedient
parrots

until the Popular Front's Allende named you, Neruda,
Ambassador to France, made you almost respectable,
a far cry from the fugitive, deposed Red Senator.

* * *

For many years, Neruda, you've been shunned up here
as a tiger of the Andes. The weapon is sleight-of-hand
neglect:

editions limited to the elite's bored sons
in tiny printings. No paperbooks broadcast like grains
of wheat
to nourish new ideas, remind us North Americans
that our greatest modern genius down through all
these years,
like a deep rock-rooted mountain pine,
remained and still remains a revolutionary
through all the winds of change, crocodile tears shed
for this new Moscow policy or that.

Walter Snow, poet, reminds us that his first poems were accepted
by Mike Gold for *New Mases*.

Like Sean O'Casey, Brecht, and Hugh MacDiarmid,
each one a genius of top rank, you have remained
steadfast

while many turncoats of the North bewailed
their brief roles in the Thirties as wild oats
and sold their tales of disillusionment with Russia
for big reviews, fat grants and academic chairs.

* * * * *

Long life to you, Neruda! Modern Homers, sharp
Juvenals

must light a new sunrise of indignation, be reflected
across this darkening world to curb the sneaking, blind,
mad nuclear heirs of Cortez, Torquemada and King
“Midas” Ferdinand.

You are a great voice urging the long-deluded masses
to taste the golden fruits that rightfully belong to them,
to remind us that we need more hours freed from
grinding toil

to stroke our fingers through a frightened kitten's fur,
to sell our little papers that refute press whores
and do a thousand things from making love to reading
more poetry and seeing far horizons like your seagulls.

MONSOON

Felix Pollak

Let us defoliate, they said.
Let us count the fallen leaves,
sweep them on airwaves
into the living rooms of the world,
ride high on the corpses of jungle beasts
driven from shelter,
perished in a sun that can no longer
cast shadows.
Let us fry them, they said,
in the griddle of napalm, until their
no-man's land is a painted desert, a
petrified forest, an imperial valley
of death.
Let us root them out, they said,
trunk and crown, fruit and pit.

Felix Pollak, author of *Say When*, Juniper Press, 1969, is
curator of rare books at the University of Wisconsin Library.

But listen — —

the monsoon is approaching, smashing
the dams of rivers in the sky, drowning
the defoliants, drenching the arson, washing away
the poisons, making the defoliators,
the arsonists, the poisoners swim, finless fishes,
back to their hinterland shelters,
fog bandaging them like one big winding sheet,
an ominous shroud.

And when they return to reap their harvest of
cinders, they face a new jungle,
a jungle reborn, green and lush, a tighter,
tougher maze of vines cradling old skeletons
—and they must bear to hear, brazen in the night,
the old voices of tigers.

INTELLECTUALS·ETHICS·FREEDOM

INTERVIEW WITH HENRY WINSTON

Q. *American Dialog* reappears when cultural opposites are contending for support among the people. We reappear at a time when there is a significant radicalization of the Black people, the youth, women and the working class. There is, therefore, stepped-up activity against war, racism, poverty and moral degradation. At this historical moment when key to further progress is intensified organization and actions in behalf of peace, Black liberation and for an end to economic exploitation and poverty, is there any validity for suggesting special concern for the status of culture in our land?

A. Culture is an essential and most effective weapon for the multiple struggles now being fought out by the people. Historically culture has been employed for the enhancement of life or for its opposite—the subjugation of mankind. In our advanced technological age when a vast and powerful monopolized communications media is in the hands of the ruling class, cultural developments rate a high priority of concern.

In Munich, the birthplace of Nazism, there are registered no less than 87 revanchist organizations. Many of the western intelligence services operate there, including the C.I.A., "Radio Free Europe" and "Radio Liberty." Referring to this scene the Munich periodical, "Wehrkunde" (Military Science), calls it a "front." "It is in fact a war. It is no good looking for general staff maps or battlefields: this war is being fought out in the press, on the radio and on the TV screen."

Equally, within our borders the U.S. imperialists bank heavily on the use of the mass media not only to thwart and undermine the advocates of socialism but to divide and confuse the growing millions demanding their democratic rights.

It is then a happy moment to be able to welcome the return of *American Dialog* to the American cultural scene. *Dialog* can give a powerful assist to the furthering of people's culture which is flowering all about us.

Q. In an article on the "Pentagon Papers" Pete Hamill, liberal columnist for the N.Y. Post, concludes that the "intellectual" has been "brought into greater disrepute than by any assault ever mounted by George Wallace and the Daily News." He characterizes these intellectuals as "men incapable of moral consideration" and "men who thought a lie was a perfectly acceptable position."

Mr. Henry Winston, Chairman of the Communist Party of the USA was interviewed by L.M.M.

How do you react to this sweeping characterization of "intellectuals"? What are the philosophical guidelines and ethical standards of intellectuals who "thought a lie a perfectly acceptable position?"

A. From the beginning of class society, most intellectuals, as a body, reflected and promulgated the thought of the dominant class. This was true, for example, as far back as Plato's day in classic Athenian society which was a slave-owning society with democracy restricted to a relative few—the slaveowners, merchants and some artisans. So Plato's writings were predicated on the "natural right" of men to own other men, and though he was a thinker of profound gifts, he could never transcend his class origins, his ruling class bias, the ultimate inspiration for his philosophy.

But something more must be said at once. Simultaneous with the existence of Plato, Aristotle, Socrates and the culture they represented, there was the culture of the slaves. Historians, representing the dominant class, are never interested in recording this. But this second culture existed, has always existed, by word of mouth very often, handed down from elders to their young, and the impulse, the tradition, for freedom was never obliterated, as we can see in the record that forced its way through the official silences, of Spartacus and his uprising. Plutarch finally admitted this. How many Spartacuses there were through history, no man today can tell. But we know there were many. There was a culture, an ideology of freedom, that fed it. This has been the pattern throughout history and exists most strongly today.

So, naturally, there are intellectuals today who represent the ruling class, who promote the ideas of imperialism, and whose ethical standards accept the "lie as a perfectly acceptable position." Didn't the group around Kennedy admittedly lie on the eve of the CIA-invasion?

Didn't James Reston admit that he kept the truth out of the papers "in the national interest"—and that he would do it again if need be? He is an intellectual serving his class—the capitalist class.

So, naturally, there are intellectuals involved in the Pentagon Papers, in the whole fabric of falsification and lies that help imperialism in its aggressions. Many, as a reward, are now settled in top-echelon university, or foundation posts.

These are the intellectuals of imperialism, the CIA breed.

But it must instantly be re-emphasized that intellectuals representing the interests of the masses of people, of the working class and the Black millions, have taken a strong stand against the policy represented in the Pentagon Papers. It should be recognized that a very significant body of intellectuals in the United States today are revolted by the war program of the Government, and are adopting contrary stands.

Some are intellectuals who differ with Administration policy within a bourgeois framework, who believe the Vietnam aggression is politically indefensible; that it is damaging the domestic scene to such a degree that it is backfiring on the bourgeois, the imperialist interest, and they want to terminate that war. There is a commingling of factors and interests among intellectuals in the anti-war groupings. Some are bourgeois intellectuals who want a different national policy, one, say, that can be summed up by the policy of peaceful co-existence. Then there are other intellectuals, mostly of middle class origin, who are to the left of that position, many of whom are moving toward the Marxist conception of reality.

There are also revolutionary intellectuals who have adopted the philosophy, the science, of Marxism-Leninism. On a world scale some of the most prominent figures in the sciences and the arts are included in the latter category. For example, the late Dr. Bernal, brilliant scientist and philosopher. There was Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, there was Theodore Dreiser, there was Sean O'Casey, there is Prof. Kapitza, there are the astronauts of the Soviet Union and the scientists who made it possible for them to achieve their flights, there is Picasso, there is Shostakovich, there is Nicolas Guillen, poet laureate of Cuba, there is Nobel Laureate Pablo Neruda, the great Chilean poet who is now the ambassador to France of the Chilean people. There are many more. These are but a few whose names come most readily to mind.

So always there were the intellectuals bred by the dominant class, bone and sinew of that class, who represented it in their philosophical and cultural works. Most would accept the "lie" as an instrument of state policy (their ruling class policy). Many accept "assassination" as a state policy (the CIA intellectuals who would take the life of Fidel Castro or any other revolutionary statesman if they felt it helped their interests). These are the Pentagon Papers intellectuals.

Then there are those intellectuals who take a contrary stand, in part or in whole. History has always recorded intellectuals who took a stand more progressive than the class from which they sprung, who promulgated, say, the bourgeois ideology when it was progressive in comparison to the feudal ideology. These would include the Encyclopedists in the time of the maturing French Revolution, or Samuel Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Tom Paine, George Washington in our Revolution.

Or the anti-feudal, anti-Czarist intellectuals in the

19th century in Russia, for example, Pushkin, who favored the Decembrists in their 1825 uprising against the repression of the Czars, the Decembrists themselves many of whom were intellectuals even though they were in the military of the regime; and later prominent literary figures like Saltykov-Chedrin, Alexander Herzen, Belinsky, Chekhov, and even Tolstoy, who reflected, in varying degrees, dissent with Czarism and Czarist policy. Then there were, of course, the revolutionary intellectuals whose names are well known in the revolutionary world, Lenin, first of all, Plekhanov, various other leaders and founders of the Communist movement in Czarist Russia and latter-day writers like Gorky.

Q. Recently the intellectuals at the Rand think-tank accepted an assignment from Richard Nixon to determine how the people would react to the cancellation of the 1972 elections. An intellectual guided by the concept, "art for art's sake," considers all options fair for consideration in a "free society." It brings to mind the sculptors who are currently carving into a southern mountain the heads of leading members of the Confederacy. What in your view is the essence of the "arts gratia artis" approach?

A. There is no such thing, there never has been. Art, culture, is a product of class ideology, as I indicated above. Culture reflects the ideological outlook and the program of a class in all class societies. History produces no evidence of a culture that is non-partisan or above class. Culture has its roots in specific social and material conditions. It has, throughout history, reflected and served the interests and needs of social classes.

Marxists were not the first to observe this. In our own country Walt Whitman saw it when, in a letter he wrote upon hearing that the British poet, Swinburne, came out for "art for art's sake," Whitman said: "If that idea gains the day, we are lost. Art, poetry was made for the people, not the people for art."

We Marxist-Leninists advocate and work for a culture that aids the people, that helps them defeat the inequities of life forced on them by the ruling class, that helps them overcome the ruling class and change the world, to one of brotherhood, of a planned program for industry, agriculture, education, health, etc., which is, in short, socialism.

We are for a culture that is rooted in the masses, portrays their interests, their life, their aspirations, reflects it realistically. And always with the beauty of truth. We know that ALL arts are propaganda, although not all propaganda is art. We advocate every measure to aid the artist, materially as well as ideologically. We want him to work under the best of conditions so he can produce the best of art. This involves, too, we feel, some ways of life the artist will adopt, like being immersed in the life of the people, to know them, to be with them, to be of them. Otherwise he will not reflect them accurately, his artistic talent will not be nourished properly.

We feel that in this country the artist, whatever his field, should be helped by governmental grants, democratically administered. We know that most artists find it virtually impossible to make ends meet simply on the basis of their art. Many must take other jobs to be able to do their writing, their painting, their poetry, etc., etc. In other words, they can only function part time as artist, because they lack favorable circumstances in which to pursue their artistic work. This is especially true of young Black artists.

We Communists want to change that, in the case of the artists, in the case of the scientists, so many of whom—especially young physicists—find it virtually impossible to get work today. I read in the *New York Times* that Ph.D.'s in physics, just graduated, are taking any kind of job to make ends meet, driving taxis, whatever comes along. Others, laid off, are on relief and are desperately seeking work. Their great skills are lost for mankind.

So, I think the idea of "art for art's sake," was wrong from the moment it was first enunciated. In reality, it is an accommodation with the ruling class, a pretext to avoid the realities of life, in fact, the logic leads to the distortion of reality and aids imperialism, consciously.

Q. Dr. Daniel Ellsberg, now facing a long prison sentence for his role in exposing the Pentagon Papers, asks, "Would you not go to prison to end this war?" Ellsberg claims he is not moved by a sense of guilt. Is his act, then, the beginning of a trend by those intellectuals, who were originally co-opted by the imperialists, toward a reappraisal of their role vis-a-vis the government and the people?

A. I believe that Ellsberg reflects a growing tendency among American intellectuals. As imperialism becomes more and more desperate, adopting tactics that are the maximum of barbarism—like napalm-bombing women and children, entire civilian populations, like backing the Thieu Government which is an obvious and flagrant endorsement of a murderous dictator, like the entire gamut of American foreign and domestic policy today, more and more intellectuals, who once favored the policies of this Government, become disillusioned. Take Ellsberg himself. He was a hawk at first. Experience in Vietnam taught him different.

The answer to this question lies in the growing intellectual opposition to anti-Communism. Anti-Communism is what brought Ellsberg to his original hawkish position. It is the weapon that Hitler used to come to power, and to enable him to bring on World War II.

To the degree intellectuals in this country get over the rabid preoccupation with anti-Communism, which is a false issue promoted by imperialism, and see Communism for what it is, a political philosophy and program, today adopted by a third of the world, to that degree will they be able to appraise reality with objectivity.

I believe that process is taking place in the United

States and has been going on for a number of years. It certainly is so among the youth, and I believe it is spreading among their elders. It is becoming apparent that the future of mankind in this nuclear age hinges on this question, on the issue of peaceful co-existence.

It means that world war must become unthinkable, and that ideas, ideologies, must be argued out, in civilized discussions, not fought over with suicidal nuclear weapons.

I think that this was the logic that impelled an Ellsberg to take the course that he did. He is prepared to go to prison if need be for having brought the Pentagon Papers to the people's attention.

This denotes a sense of civic responsibility that can only honor him. Such civic responsibility adds a realistic dimension to the concept of freedom for there cannot be freedom *from* responsibility.

He erred originally when he endorsed the war against Vietnam, and it is a measure of the man that he is trying to undo the wrong he did then. If prison is the price to pay for honesty, for patriotism, it is a price that has been paid by no few men and women throughout history. The Ellsberg of today belongs to a great tradition.

Q. There are in the U.S. intellectuals who place their art, their creativity at the disposal of the people in their campaigns against war, racism, repression and poverty. Some of these call for revolutionary change in the system but are divided as to how to do it and what should replace it. Anarchist and nihilist trends are quite evident in this grouping. How do you assess their role in the development of a people's culture and in the struggles for basic change?

A. It is inevitable that such ideological currents would exist. These tendencies represent the thinking of petty-bourgeois masses coming into motion politically. Middle-class thinking in times of crisis is often torn between the influence of the bourgeoisie and by the dynamics of working-class thinking. Middle-class radicalism in crucial periods frequently seeks "ultra-left" methods, the wish to get there by the short-cut. They do not realize, as the working-class does, that organization, political mass action, is imperative in order to win. In the history of capitalism, in periods of greatest tension, middle-class radicals have shown a tendency to adopt methods of individual terrorism instead of mass political action. They too suffer under capitalism, and here, in the USA at this moment, they too are drafted to die in a war they oppose; to go hungry in a recession that hits them hard, like the engineers and other skilled technicians in such places as Boeing's that fired many thousands, and so in many other industries. They, too, are numbered among the Ph.D. graduates of the class of 1971 who cannot find work. Lacking a firm political orientation, not yet acquainted with the philosophy and science of Marxism-Leninism, it is an historic tragedy that many will not know how to fight back. They are drawn into the struggles against

(Please turn to page 35)

SYSTEMS ANALYSIS AND SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY

Hank Starr

What happens when mathematicians tackle social problems under capitalism? Not the least interesting case is that of Ellsberg and the Pentagon Papers.

Dr. Daniel J. Ellsberg has the makings of a folk hero. In taking personal responsibility for making public the Pentagon papers, he has provided a model of courage for scientists and scholars in rebellion against social misuse of their efforts.

Though the depth of his social understanding may remain to be demonstrated, there is no doubt about the depth of his feeling on the immediate issues of the Vietnam War.

It is all the more interesting that his originally enthusiastic participation in the war effort—at the Pentagon, in Saigon, and at the Rand Corporation—was as a mathematician skilled in applying the scientific methods of systems analysis to problems of military strategy and business or social planning.

Dr. Ellsberg's case is one of several interesting instances where the use of systems analysis has diverged sharply from a humanistic social responsibility. Before getting down to the concrete cases, it will pay to look into the general nature of systems analysis itself.

Systems analysis may be defined as the use of mathematical techniques for understanding the operation of complex systems involving many inter-related factors. Typically, this means developing a mathematical model of the relationships and the use of a computer to study the effect of making changes in the system. Inevitably, some kind of a numerical measure of value is required as the basis for making a choice between alternative system configurations.

When systems analysis is applied to a physical problem, such as a chemical reaction or a missile guidance system, the measure of value presents no problem because social considerations are outside the model itself. In such a case, the predictions of the computer model are subject to experimental confirmation and the systems approach often proves useful.

However, when the systems approach is used on a complex social problem, the choice of a value yardstick depends very much on the goals of those for whom the study is made; the social considerations are now inside

the model itself. Moreover, there is not usually much firm data available for checking the validity of the model itself. This is necessarily so because people do not readily lend themselves to controlled experiments.

Nevertheless, in approaching a social problem, the systems analyst is likely to feel that his computer model provides a superior or superhuman means of understanding social behavior and controlling people. The result is a growing mystique about the computer having an intelligence of its own, superior to that of the human being. The extent of this mystical approach to systems analysis is illustrated in a *New York Times* story (6 Dec. 1970) by science reporter Walter Sullivan headlined "Probing Questions Too Tough for a Mere Brain," which begins:

Man is not intelligent enough to survive his present crisis. He has built a world so complex, with so many interacting factors, that the human mind can no longer see its way through the maze to discern the ultimate effects of decisions and actions taken today. This is the view of a growing number of scientists. Only with the help of computers, they believe, can we determine our course with any assurance as to the consequences.

Sullivan quotes two scientists with this kind of faith in computer intelligence. One is Jay W. Forrester, professor of management at MIT and father of a "Project on the Predicament of Mankind." The MIT project group is building a computer model of "factors believed to govern the future of mankind." The model is designed to help world leaders assess the longterm effects of decisions on such factors as world population, industrialization, natural resources, agriculture, pollution, and crowding (with its consequent social strife).

The computer model is equated by Dr. Forrester with the human mind which thinks in terms of models or mental images of the world around us, constantly subject to change. According to Forrester, all of our laws are based on such models and all executive actions are taken on the basis of models. But mental models are fuzzy and incomplete or inadequate, he says, adding that the problem is not a shortage of data but rather our failure to understand the laws and behavior patterns which are implied by the available data.

Since Forrester's computer model does not take into account such fundamental social factors of our time as the conflict between labor and capital, racism, neo-

Hank Starr is a systems analyst.

colonialism, and imperialist war, it seems fair to conclude that the computer model accurately represents only the class bias of the humans who are constructing it. Whether this bias results from fuzzy thinking or from purposeful distortion does not really matter. But some insights on the nature of the bias are provided by the second scientist presented by Sullivan as seeing man's survival dependent on the computer.

Dr. Dennis Gabor, who recently received the Nobel prize for his invention of holography or three-dimensional imaging (and who happens also to be a researcher for CBS working on three-dimensional television) is quoted by Sullivan as calling for a "new anthropology" which will determine to what extent man's instincts can be manipulated in order to achieve a stable society with a high level of material comfort.

"Man can be wonderful in heavy adversity," says Dr. Gabor. "He is likely to be weak in ease and security." A large percentage of current neuroses are attributed by Dr. Gabor to the lack of challenge by society and lack of outlets for man's aggressive instincts. Hence, the need for manipulating the human mind. But Dr. Gabor, the scientist, realizes that such manipulation will be more effective if we understand more about how the mind itself works. And this is where the computer comes into the picture.

"In the last two decades," he is quoted as saying, "an unexpected savior has appeared in the form of the giant electronic computer. Although the computer is perfectly stupid, it has an almost unlimited ability for imitation—more scientifically expressed, for modeling. Enormously complicated systems can be modeled on the computer, with interactions so involved as to defy the greatest analytical minds."

Dr. Gabor is aware that some people might see computer studies on how to manipulate human beings as the use of science to arm tyrants for enslaving mankind. But that, to Dr. Gabor, would be the prostitution of science. Its true goal, in his view, is to enable man to cope with problems now beyond his capability and still retain "the maximum amount of freedom compatible with reasonable security."

Dr. Gabor's class orientation is obvious enough from his desire to achieve social stability through manipulating the human mind rather than through changes of the social structure to eliminate the basic causes of social conflict and instability. His approach would necessarily aim at finding how human consciousness can be controlled for the convenience of our ruling military-industrial and banker complex. Though Dr. Gabor claims to be a humanist, the essentially anti-human nature of his systems approach is accentuated by the reference to the computer as our "savior."

The computer modeling projects of Drs. Forrester and Gabor, as outlined in the uncritical Sullivan article, reveal the basic contradiction of a privileged class using system analysis to study social problems. On the one hand, the systems analyst states his profound distrust of the ability of man to solve his own problems.

On the other hand, the analyst offers his own humanly-devised computer model as the "savior" of mankind.

Another revealing statement on the subject has been made by C. West Churchman, professor of business administration at the University of California. In a 1968 book, *The Systems Approach*, this leading systems analyst says:

It is sheer nonsense to expect that any human being has yet been able to attain such insight into the problems of society that he can really identify *the* central problems and determine how they should be solved. The systems in which we live are far too complicated as yet for our intellectual powers and technology to understand. Given the limited scope of our capability to solve the social problems we face, we have every right to question whether any approach—systems approach, humanist approach, artist's approach, engineering approach, religious approach, psychoanalytic approach—is *the* correct approach to the understanding of our society. But a great deal can be learned by allowing a clear statement of an approach to be made in order that its opponents may therefore state their opposition in as cogent a fashion as possible.

Throughout the book, Dr. Churchman pretends to a lofty impartiality on social issues. For example, on the issue of the Vietnam war, he repeatedly treats hawks and doves as equally stupid. At the end of the book, he concludes that systems analysis can be used for self-deception in the same way as any other approach to understanding reality, and that the true systems approach consists of nothing more than a continuing debate between various attitudes with respect to society. While he does not expect the systems approach to help us discover reality, he does admit to a partiality for it, seemingly as his own personal way of playing games with society.

A clear indication of Dr. Churchman's own class prejudice is the elimination of the Marxist approach from his list of approaches to be considered in the solution of social problems. Though he lists Marx among the nineteenth century writers who discussed whole systems, he does not seem to be aware of the unprecedented social progress made in the socialist world under the system proposed by Marx.

Even a moving plea for "systems analysis with heart," made by Dr. Murray Gell-Man, professor of theoretical physics at the California Institute of Technology, is characterized by strict avoidance of the conflicting class interests which dominate American social problems today. In an article on "How Scientists Can Really Help" (*Physics Today*, May 1971), he asks:

Clearly we do need something like systems analysis, but can we stand to live with much of what now passes for systems analysis, in which people are reduced to personnel and wild creatures to resources, the places where poor people are to live become dwelling units, and with all of the calculations that are associated with this kind of jargon? With anything hard to quantify set equal to zero, a highway can be driven straight through a neighborhood or through a rare wilderness because there is no reliable quantitative measure of damage to set against the increased cost of running the road around the outside. Systems analysis, besides, has so often been used to justify unwise decisions in the field of national security, on which I need not comment further.

In defining what he means by systems analysis with heart, Dr. Gell-Mann rejects the narrow rationality so often used in making government decisions of great importance. "We see facts and figures marshalled in huge arrays that have somehow failed to include inputs from common sense or from human values." Similarly, he points to narrowness in the universities, characterized by exclusive concentration on a single discipline and by widespread failure to make education relevant to the social problems of the world. He believes that the narrow rationality which pervades our national life is responsible for the resurgence of superstition, the extraordinary interest today in astrology and palmistry, and the widespread rejection of rationality. "Youngsters," he says, "tired of the tyranny of badly programmed computers and of people who act like badly programmed computers, are turning to tarot (fortunetelling) cards and charlatans."

Dr. Gell-Mann calls for a kind of systems analysis which will enable scientists to work with other people in harnessing science and technology for the solution of pressing social problems. He evidently believes that rational man has the ability to solve his problems and that a systems analysis can be a useful tool for this purpose. He fails, however, to offer any concrete program to this end. The failure stems from 1) his inability to face squarely the capitalist origins for most of the social problems which lie would like scientists to tackle, and 2) his blindness to the ability of mass man as a maker of history to whom the scientists must turn for help.

Most noteworthy is the failure by Dr. Gell-Mann to comment further on the use of systems analysis in the Defense Department. The infamous body-count procedure is only one of the many anti-human results from the introduction of systems analysis into the war machinery of American imperialism. Robert S. McNamara, as secretary of defense under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, enlisted teams of crusading system scientists as "defense intellectuals" to devise more effective weapon systems and political schemes for the genocidal war in Vietnam.

Dr. Daniel Ellsberg was one of the systems scientists who enlisted in the great Vietnam crusade. After a tour as a Marine lieutenant, he got a Ph.D. from Harvard with a dissertation on games theory, a form of mathematics much used in military planning. In 1959 he joined the Rand Corporation, a non-profit think-tank for the Air Force and other government agencies, to work on military matters such as the problems of a general nuclear war—applying his knowledge of game theory which is basically a method for the analysis of competing strategies by assigning numerical values to the costs and risks attendant on the various outcomes.

In 1964 Dr. Ellsberg joined the Defense Department, with a top-level staff job working on problems of decision-making in Vietnam. A year later, he went to Vietnam with the State Department to work on problems of the American "pacification" effort. In

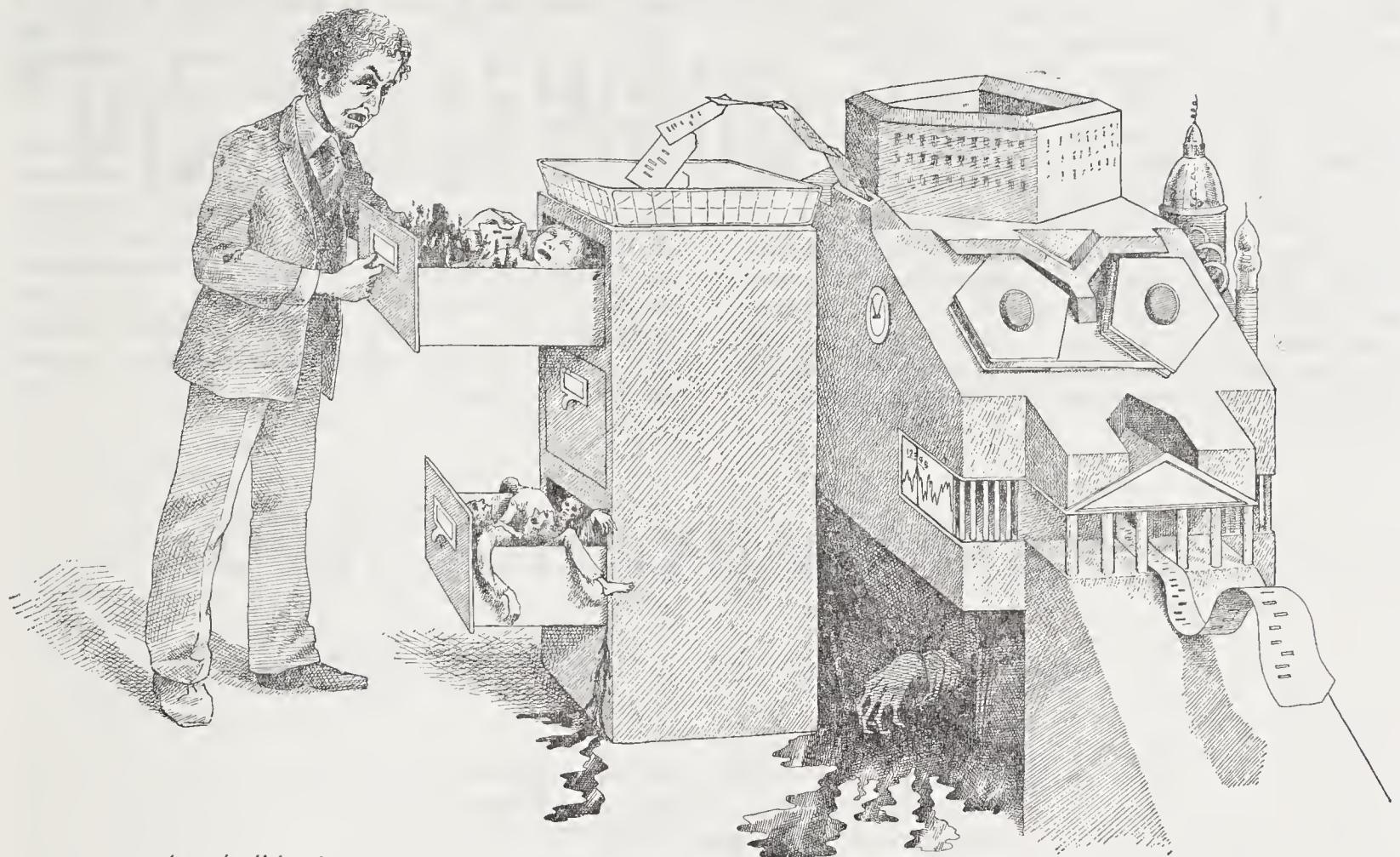
Saigon, he began to lose some of the crusading enthusiasm, at first over disappointment that systems which looked so good on paper did not seem to work out in practice. Evidently, the Vietnamese people refused to behave according to the predictions of computer models in Washington. In 1967, Dr. Ellsberg made a special trip to Washington to let McNamara know that the pacification progress had been nil. Later that year Dr. Ellsberg rejoined Rand as consultant on Vietnam planning.

In 1970, he left Rand so that he would be free to publicly oppose the Vietnam war for which he had crusaded only a few years earlier. In the last year he has appeared frequently at peace rallies and appeared in behalf of draft resisters (Paul L. Montgomery, *New York Times*, 27 June 1971). After moving to an academic post at MIT, Ellsberg presented an article to the American Political Science Association in September 1970 which concluded that Vietnam could not be "regarded as a tragedy without villains: war crimes without criminals; lies without liars, a process of immaculate perception." His private conclusion, says Washington columnist Joseph Kraft (*New York Times Week in Review*, 4 July 1971), was that arguing the case against Vietnam on the inside was so futile that he had to carry the fight to the public.

According to Montgomery (reference above), the change of heart by Dr. Ellsberg was due to more than the influence of his new wife. He was also greatly affected by the case of Tran Ngoc Chau, a Vietnamese official with whom he was closely associated in Saigon. Chau later became a national deputy and, in 1970, was sentenced to ten years in prison for allegedly having maintained contact with his brother, a member of the Vietcong. Dr. Ellsberg himself is now under indictment in the United States for having made public the Pentagon papers which provide an unparalleled inside view of the bipartisan deceit practiced by four administrations in the Vietnam war.

According to Kraft (reference above) Dr. Ellsberg used to talk for hours about how duty could serve as a cover for perpetrating evil. He was clearly thinking of the organization men he knew best—those in the diplomatic and military service of the United States—and a concern with personal guilt must have heightened his own sensibility to the suffering and death inflicted in the Vietnam war. One wonders if Dr. Ellsberg's scientific philosophy has remained static in this turbulent period of his life, if his present course of action has not brought him closer to the consciousness of a scientific socialist. But, even if he turns out in the end to be a political mechanist, the example of his moral courage at this moment must not be lost.

Here indeed is the systems analysis with heart for which Dr. Gell-Mann asked. Here indeed is a systems scientist who has learned to rely more on people than on computers when it comes to making decisions on complex social issues. From his privileged position, at the heart of the Vietnam war conspiracy, he con-



Laszlo Kubinyi

cluded that what the American people needed was not bigger computer models but straight information on what the government was doing behind their backs.

In stepping outside the traditional role of scientific "neutrality" to take a bold and daring step for peace, Dr. Ellsberg has done much to clarify the social responsibility of the scientist. But there remain many questions concerning the boundary between the scientific search for truth and the social responsibility for acting on truth when it is found.

Benjamin De Leon has suggested (*Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, May 1968) that, at the time of Galileo and Newton, it was necessary for science to separate itself from the values of feudalism in order to build the foundation of modern mechanics. Today, however, in his view, by espousing capitalism's outdated moral "neutrality," science has alienated itself from humanity, has become deeply involved in work detrimental to man's survival, and has generated a widely held hostility. De Leon urges science to reintroduce the human goals for which it is intended to be used.

The *scientific method* is a tool and in itself has noth-

ing to do with problems of morality and social responsibility. This does not make science wrong but it does indicate that science is incomplete. Such is the thesis of Dr. William Blackburn, associate professor of chemistry at Hobart and William Smith Colleges, Geneva, New York. He contends that today's antiscientific counterculture, with its emphasis on direct experience through the senses and respect for intuitive knowledge based on a "naive" openness to nature and to other people, has something of value to contribute to the science of complex systems.

In a theoretical paper (*Science*, 4 June 1971, pp. 1003-1007), Dr. Blackburn presents a concept of sensuous and intellectual knowledge as complementary ways of understanding nature—within a common framework of reference—neither view complete in itself and each offering useful ways of investigating the same system. He points out that "seeing" a complex system as an organic whole requires an act of intuition, just as seeing order in a welter of numerical data does. He further notes that this intuitive method of discovery has been often discussed by scientists but never

incorporated formally into the scientific method. And he concludes that, if the practice of science continues on its present one-sided course, the enterprise of science will suffer because it will attract only people who are ill fitted, by temperament and training, to deal with the complementary truths about nature which our looming tasks require.

Though the paper by Dr. Blackburn does not deal directly with the problem of computer "worship" exhibited by so many system analysts today, there is one bit of scientific-materialist comment worth repeating here. "The human mind and body," says Dr. Blackburn, "process information with staggering sophistication and sensitivity by the direct sensuous experience of their surroundings. We have, in our very selves, 'instruments' that are capable of confronting and understanding the blooming, buzzing, messy world outside the laboratory. If that were not so, *Homo sapiens* would

never have survived the competitive pressure from predators who are also so equipped."

The human sensory system and the integrating capabilities of the human brain remain the best set of instruments yet devised for the general problems of systems analysis. This is the tenor of Dr. Blackburn's theory. It is the lesson we can learn from Dr. Ellsberg who forsook computer models in favor of a humanistic political approach.

The world's largest users of computers are the Pentagon, the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. But none of their computer models are able to explain the continued progress of socialism around the globe. It really does take a combination of sensuous and intellectual understanding for people to grasp the full implications in the Marxist approach to systems analysis. But people by the millions are getting the idea that, under socialism, science works for humanity.

ANNIVERSARY—MAY 1970

Tom McGrath

The day you died, somehow we were all away,
Attending our classes or fighting the rich wars,
Or cranking our answers out of television sets,
Slaves in our own country, terrors overseas.

You saw people coming toward you with their arms
full of books
(The books of General Motors). They were sweet old
professors
Who never stopped talking about the life of the mind.
They tossed the books at your feet where they turned
into bombs.

So now you have gone all the way into that ultimate
war
(Which the professors would never dare to call the
class struggle)
Murdered by good Americans who murdered
Fred Hampton—
Americans no more guilty than those at My Lai.

And indeed it was at My Lai that you were murdered:
Somewhere near a sundial, a flagpole, a large circle
At the center of a campus of death, at the central
American zero.
Sheuer, Miller, Schroeder, Krause—add these names to
the body count.

Tom McGrath, poet, is author of a book of poetry, *Letters to an Imaginary Friend*.

HERBERT BIBERMAN: “THE HOLLYWOOD TEN”

Ring Lardner Jr.

Suppose you were convicted of some offense proscribed by our laws and you knew what the standard jail sentence was that season for that particular crime, but the judge pulled a switch on you and sent you up for only half as long as you were expecting. Obviously you'd consider it a lucky break under the circumstances and your normal reaction would be a pleasant relief that things weren't going to be quite as bad as you had every reason to anticipate. That happened to Herbert 21 years ago and he didn't seem to feel relieved at all. He found it embarrassing and as far as I could judge, a bit distasteful.

Dalton Trumbo and John Howard Lawson had already begun serving their one-year sentences for contempt of Congress, and six more of us were up for sentencing the same day before three different Federal judges. We had had a week following our conviction to wait while their honors were presumably giving due magisterial consideration to our fates, but we felt it was just a formality since Trumbo and Lawson had been pilot cases for the rest of us. As a matter of fact, the pessimists among us found reason to be apprehensive that we might be treated to some additional severity—because it had been a very bad week for the political climate. The Korean War had broken out during our waiting period, stimulating a good deal of fresh patriotic fervor, some of which might have seeped into judicial veins.

Two of us appeared that June morning before the same judge who had sentenced Lawson. Martin Popper delivered what I thought was an admirable resume of Albert Maltz's career, describing his literary achievements and laying special emphasis on his record of public service, including various contributions as a citizen and a writer to the national cause during the recent war. The judge listened attentively and then announced that these distinctions and the public attention that would be given the case of such a noted man were all the more reason to set an example to other potential malefactors who might be tempted to similar transgressions. He gave Albert the same sentence as Dalton and Jack. In my case Marty shifted tactics and found practically nothing laudatory to say at all. I was a little hurt but I could see he was trying to get over

the idea that nobody could be encouraged to a life of contemptuous crime if a little leniency were shown to an inconspicuous jerk. The court didn't get that point either and I was also sentenced to one year. So, before the same judge who had presided over the Trumbo case, were Lester Cole and Alvah Bessie. (Sam Ornitz and Adrian Scott had been accorded brief postponements on medical grounds which, incidentally, should have had a mitigating effect on their sentences, but, it turned out, did not.)

Then in a third courtroom that same morning, another judge, for no motive anyone could discern except to express his individuality, considered the cases of Edward Dmytryk and Herbert Biberman, identical with ours and pronounced sentences of six months for each. When they joined us in the large temporary detention cell below the courthouse, Herbert was clearly upset. It was the only thing he felt guilty about during that whole period. Somehow he had let the rest of us down by not full sharing in the penalty and he sought, through some rather strained rationalizations to find a logical explanation for what was clearly a piece judicial whimsy. (Were directors regarded as less subversive than writers?) Most of our effort, until we were finally transported to the regular Washington prison and dispersed to separate cells, was devoted to consoling Herbert for a fate we agreed was undeserved but which, in our more objective opinion, had some clear advantages. For one thing it gave our lawyers a hook to reopen our cases and ask for a reduction of sentence. And more realistically, as it developed, we could anticipate the value of having him free that much earlier to resume the leadership of the whole movement against blacklist and contempt prosecution in the face of the threatened renewal of committee hearings, which did indeed materialize shortly after his release.

That leadership, which had begun when we first got our subpoenas from the Un-American Activities Committee in 1947, and continued into the 1960's with the blacklist and a series of damage suits against the studios under the antitrust laws, that leadership came about by a process that was peculiarly democratic even though it didn't follow the conventional rules of democracy. There was never any real vote among the nine-

teen of us (later reduced to ten when the committee abruptly suspended hearings before calling the others). We didn't elect Herbert to be our chairman and take on most of the responsibility and most of the work. The office automatically became his by a common consent so clear it didn't require a vote. It was just obvious that he was both the best man for the job and the only one who could be counted on to work at it full time without any conflicting concern for his own professional career or personal life.

We knew this because most of us had had up to ten

years past experience with Herbert's leadership in a variety of progressive causes. We had grown accustomed to his selflessness and perhaps a bit callous about it. A lot of the responsibility he undertook he volunteered for, but a lot of it was also imposed on him. Whichever way it came about didn't seem to make any difference to the thoroughness, incredible energy and intelligence he applied to the job. Occasionally one felt guilty about spending an evening voting a series of resolutions and leaving their implementation to Herbert. But I think he enjoyed most of it.

ARTIST AND MAN

Gale Sondergaard

Herbert Biberman and I first met in the Theatre Guild Theatre many years ago at a rehearsal for the German play "Faust"—both beginners in New York City and both signed to contracts with the Theatre Guild. He received his M.A. degree at Professor Baker's Theatre Workshop at Yale and had just returned from studying Theatre in Europe, mostly the Soviet Union where he had access to rehearsals and performances, as well as Directors, at the Stanislavsky and Meierhold Theatres. I came to the Guild from two years of intensive work in the Deroit Theatre of Jessie Bonstelle.

He was dynamic; he was handsome; he was energetic; he was attractive; he was inventive; he was creative; he was talented; he was brilliant; he was warm; he was loving.

His official status was "stage manager" for "Faust," which was to be a modern-dress version directed by a German director, whose knowledge of English was sparse. Knowing German, as he knew many languages, Herbert was to be the interpreter—but having spent months before that, on his own time, studying "Faust," he became, very quickly the "Power behind the Throne."

I was to play the Witch in modern-dress (which turned out to be black lace underwear) with a long red wig lacquered to rear straight up into the air—that entire concept of the Witch being the contribution of the young "stage manager."

Within a year Herbert was a full-time Director for the Theatre Guild, the top producing company in New York at that time and I had already inherited the role of "Nina" in "Strange Interlude." His contribution left an indelible mark on the history of theatre. With the thrust of a whild-wind he brought new ideas, new staging, new methods, sensational results far ahead of his time.

There was "Roar China"—a play from the Soviet Union—in which he had a huge battleship built on the stage surrounded by a moat of water on which floated sampans, their sails to become a shield for the British Battleship (since no curtain was used at any time—that in itself an innovation). The stage was built out over the first rows (a forerunner of todays' Thrust stage) where the Chinese people swarmed and worked and struggled for their freedom, no actors among them, all corraled from New York's Chinese people, who, under the brilliant, warm, and inspirational direction of Herbert Biberman, became so impressive and meaningful that they won the plaudits of the critics. At the end of the play the entire battleship moved forward, guns pointed at the audience, to punctuate the role of the military.

There was "The Miracle at Verdon," a German play, play, combining, for the first time in this country, two mediums: film (soldiers rising out of their graves) and actors on a stage.

"Red Rust" was a Soviet play, inventively staged, with Herbert, himself, playing the "heavy" lead opposite Gale Sondergaard.

The American play "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Lynn Riggs, later became the musical "Oklahoma," not directed by Herbert but which was inspired by his introduction into the play of music and Folk songs with a chorus of lovely young ladies as well as "real" cowboys from a real Rodeo; here unique staging, for that time, with movable small sets—delightful, fresh, exhilarating.

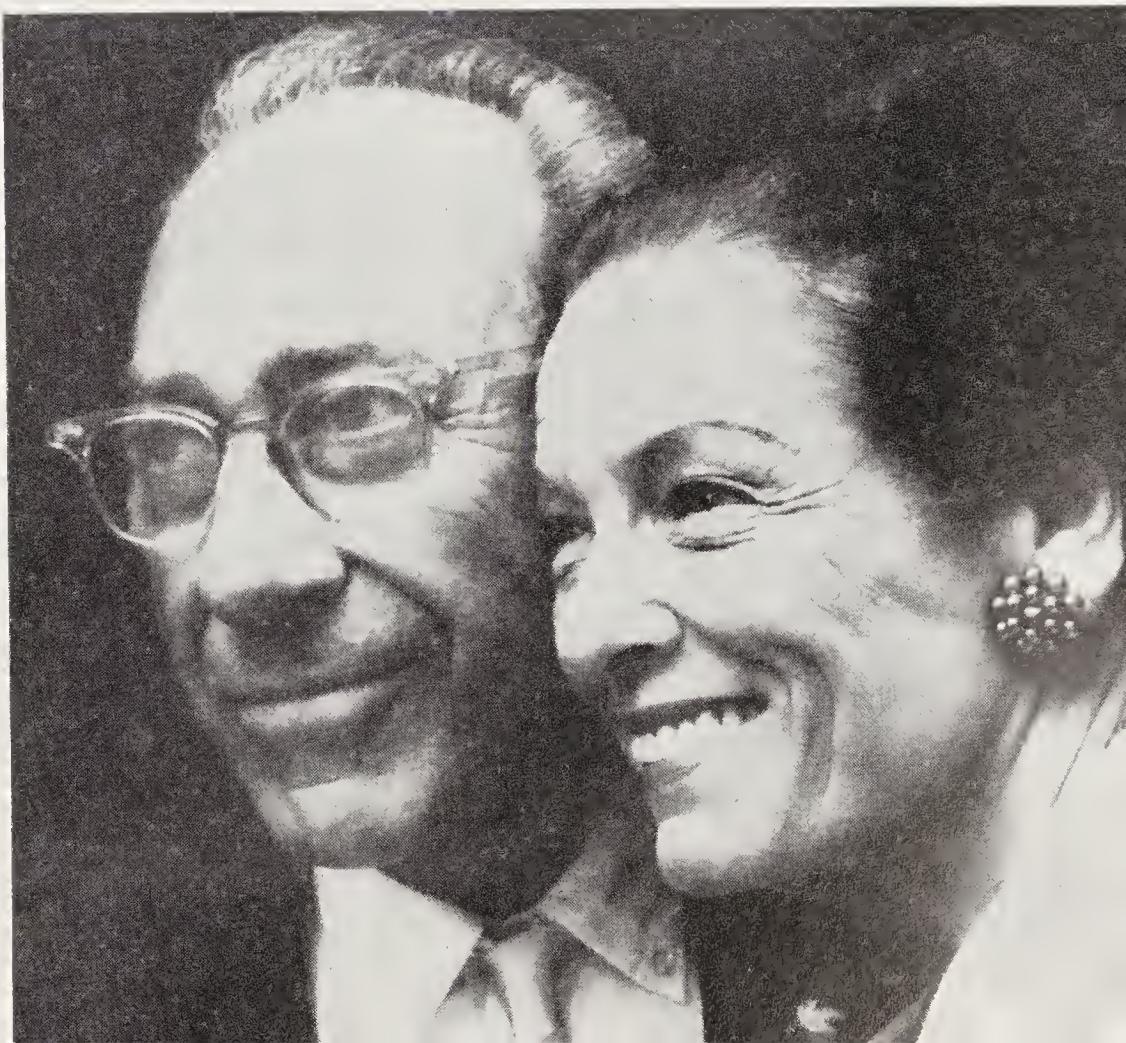
"Valley Forge" by Maxwell Anderson, depicted the troubled times of George Washington, directed with intensity and courage and understanding.

When he came to Hollywood it was to learn the craft and art of making motion pictures, writing as well as directing, editing, even becoming a producer



HERBERT
BIBERMAN
by
EDWARD
BIBERMAN

HERBERT
BIBERMAN
and GALE
SONDERGAARD

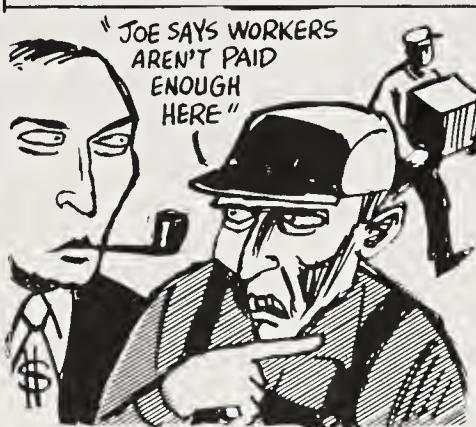




PREYED UPON BY GRAFTERS...



INFESTED BY SPIES...



DESERTED BY COWARDS...



BETRAYED BY TRAITORS...



BLED BY LEECHES...



AND SOLDOUT BY LEADERS...



BUT NOT WITHSTANDING ALL THIS
AND ALL THESE...



LABOR IS TODAY THE MOST VITAL
POTENTIAL POWER THIS PLANET
HAS EVER KNOWN...



AND ITS HISTORIC MISSION OF
EMANCIPATING THE WORKERS OF THE
WORLD FROM THRALDOM OF AGES...

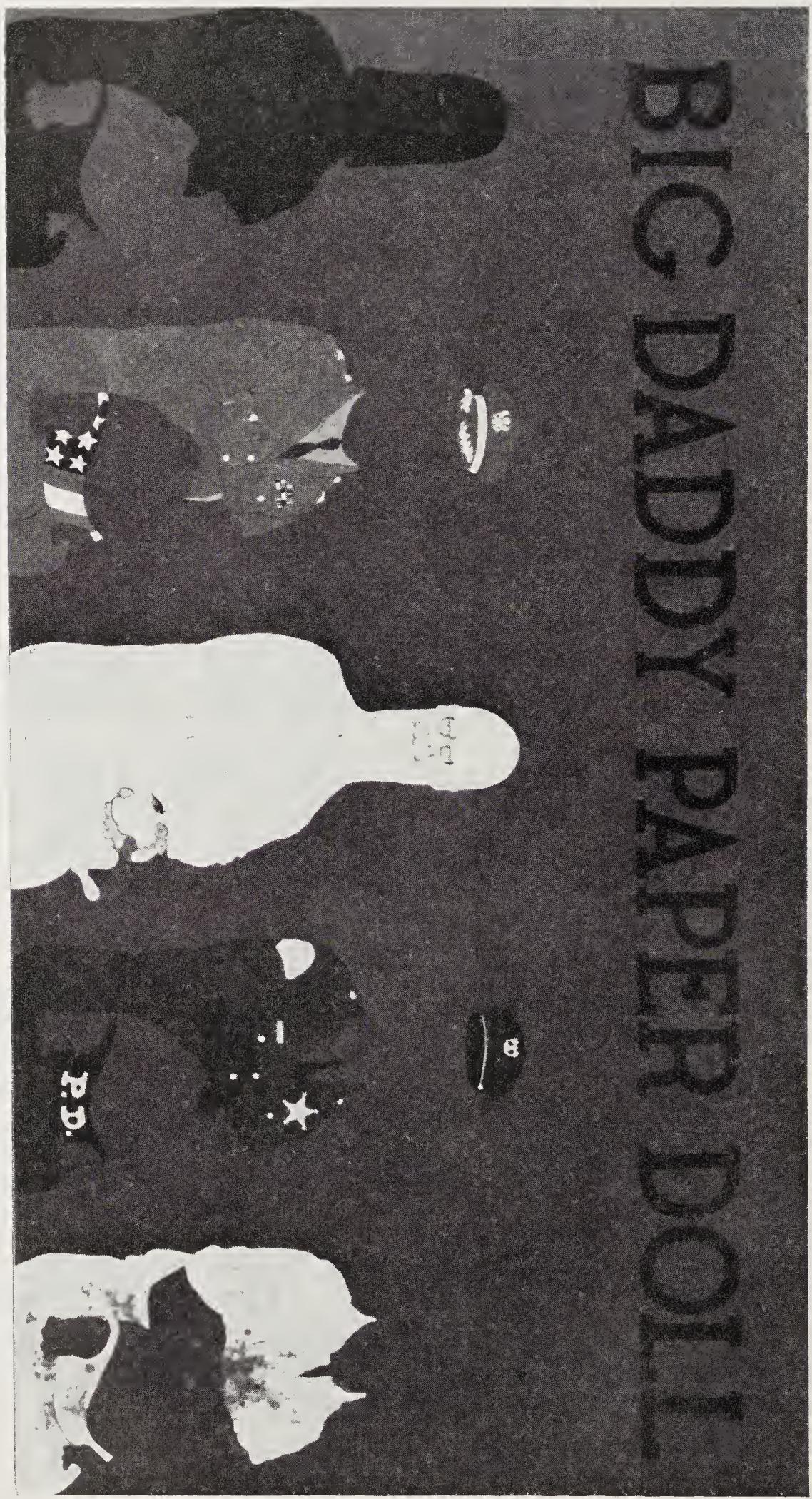


"IS AS CERTAIN OF ULTIMATE REALIZATION AS THE SETTING OF THE SUN."



BILL ANDREWS AMERICAN DIALOG 1972

DADDY DADDY



May Stevens

on several outstanding films, notably "New Orleans" with Louis Armstrong, depicting the birth of Jazz. The first picture with his own original story and screen play and direction was "The Master Race" which warned that the Nazis and the Fascists were hiding under their defeat, biding their time, waiting to emerge.

The WORLD became a stage for him—world events of great magnitude dwarfing Theatre and Film. His energies turned to organizing, speaking out, participating in the struggle against reaction and fascism; years of commitment, dedication, leadership—a "premature Anti-Fascist"; one of the Hollywood Ten who went to jail defending the First Amendment.

Out of the "Black list" came "Salt of the Earth," Michael Wilson writing, Paul Jerrico producing, Herbert Biberman directing—created—as an answer to the repressive times—again with minority peoples, non-professionals and professionals, Mexican-Americans depicting their own true story inspired by a warm, understanding, identifying director working under most difficult circumstances. The story is told in Herbert's book, *Salt of the Earth, the Making of a Film*. There followed years of struggle to get the picture finished and distributed, he never ceased in his perseverance.

"Salt of the Earth," a classic by now not only in the United States, where it is used for film study in Colleges and schools and organizations, but in other countries as well, notably France where it won the "Academy Award" of that country for the Best Foreign Film of that year—and where, at this moment, so many years later, it is again being shown together with, for the first time, the short Film "The Hollywood Ten" and a prologue with Herbert Biberman introducing them in French—his last public appearance, fortunately preserved on film, as is his story fortunately preserved in his book.

And finally "Slaves," the concept and writing of Herbert Biberman again directing minority, unprofessional people, some actually descendants of the slaves on that same authentic plantation where the picture was made in Louisiana, working along with professionals of high standing; a Theatre Guild production with Philip Langner producing—and so a full circle in time and place was accomplished for Herbert Biberman. This is a picture of stature and dignity, perspective and point-of-view, extolled in Cannes at the Film Festival where it was a contestant entry, and in many places in Europe notably France where the Official Opening was scheduled for September of a year ago.

Herbert was invited to be there. For the first time in his life, to my knowledge, he said to them "Cannot come Am ill." Their cable responded "Terribly important you be here. Can you come later?" Two days after that he was limping to the airport and flying to Paris, where he was greeted as virtually a national hero because of his past courageous commitments and "Salt of the Earth" and now "Slaves."

The Opening; two Art houses with marquis domi-

nated by large letters spelling "BIBERMAN," much to his amusement; magnificent reviews; triumph; interviews in French—television, radio, newspapers, magazines—brilliantly sweeping his delighted audience along with him—and all the time he was in pain and limping.

He came home; hospital—testing—treatment; home—crutches—pain; hospital—treatment—pain; home—bed—pain; hospital—

Throughout this entire period he was at work and finished an original screen play called "Over the Carnage," a script about contemporary times, showing warmth and understanding of the young people today, their need to strike out for change even though tragedy ensues; the inability of a father, himself having made his contribution through speaking out and holding fast—yet feeling it was not enough—to reach a daughter of today, a daughter hurt and somewhat maimed by the injustices done her father and their home life in the past, deeply critical of the intellectual approach and the "inactivity" of that time, believing the only answer to be violent attack. "Under the Carnage," a deeply moving story, into which he poured the last searching, passionate thinking and feeling of his life, is, as yet, unproduced.

Even when he knew it was cancer, he never wavered in his desire to conquer, to live, to accomplish. In February he wrote to friends referring to "the battle going on within my body between the cancer fighting chemicals and my red corpuscles" and went on to say "I have studied the rise and fall and rise of this illness with a loving fascination. I suppose it is the loving fascination which goes out from me to every life experience."

Was there ever a human being with a greater capacity for living, for participating, giving, creating, loving? All the courage and the dignity, the nobility and the purpose which had manifested itself throughout his robust, energetic, accomplishing years was evident and strong during the many months of that dreadful disease.

A few weeks before the end he said, somewhat to himself: "In spite of the deterioration of my body, I still have hope." Perhaps he knew that a body cannot be stored out of that low condition. Perhaps he meant "I still have hope—for the living—for the young—for the future—for the world at PEACE."

As his wife for forty-one years, I have been—and am—enriched and nourished, made secure and strengthened, inspired, loved, enveloped by this man who was Herbert.

My loss is great as is the loss of the Cultural World.

Ring Lardner, Jr. and Barrows Dunham (whose article appears on the next page) granted permission to publish their remarks delivered at the N.Y. Memorial for Herbert Biberman.

EXEMPLAR

Barrows Dunham

Before I met Herbert, I knew him as an exemplar. That is to say, I knew that what he did in the wild and weary politics of those days was what, if my turn came, I would have to do. The turn having come, I did it, in days when politics were rather more weary than wild.

After the gentle shock of this, I met Herbert, and then there came years, not even now to be interrupted, when we shared a common love because we shared a common hope. The safety of mankind makes all of us contemporaries. It is possible to think, and perhaps even to know, that those of the dead who gave themselves to the living, embrace with constant loyalty the young who intend to live.

Herbert's style in this was extraordinary, the very dream of philosophers who remember Plato's notion of philosopher-kings—the human beings, male or female, who understand and therefore could administer the course of human events.

It was the style of pure reason. One set forth the argument, or put it in dramatic form—the argument remaining all the while visibly an argument—and any and every man, being by nature rational, would effect in practice what the argument proved. That is how things will be in the future, not perhaps distant. For the little, strange, lost personages who rule us now, are, just because they can endure neither fact nor fact's consequences, near their ruin.

Alvah Bessie has described the time when he and

Herbert were driven by motor car from Washington to their destined prison in Texas. It was a three days' journey, and, during every waking hour in transit, Herbert explained to the accompanying marshals the theory of revolution.

The event is profoundly funny, but we must understand that laughter is one of the means of knowledge. There was Herbert, pure reason incarnate, who knew how to set everyone free. And there were the two sad men whose careers lay entirely in taking people to jail. And there was Herbert, giving the argument. Pure reason against career: is that not the heart of it all?

It happens that reason is not pure unless it accepts and elucidates the word. It, and only it, can tell us what we ought to do and how to do it. For over a hundred years it has shown us, exactly, how mankind, the master of things that are, can effect the things that ought to be: the presence of brotherhood, the absence of strife, the commonwealth of earth-borne persons, meeting, it may be, other persons among the stars.

How much of this Herbert himself thought I do not know, but it must have been his tenor, his inclination. For pure reason leads where it leads, and it will go thither no matter who follows. Thus, for myself, I celebrate here a devotee of pure reason, who, knowing, knew what he knew. Thus knowing, he did what he did. And, thus doing, he rose above mere circumstance and frail surmise to a height not less than seeing and seizing the happiness of mankind.

POLITICS

Josiah Bridge

When I've shot and beaten the last dead horse,
Tallied each liberal vote (some conned, some bought),
Then talk to me of public good, and of force
Molded by the shaping power of thought.
When with holiness at last I'm through,
When I'm done with blood and ego, with shame,
When I'm sick of shaking hands with you,

Josiah Bridge, active in city and state politics in Conn., is a High School English teacher.

Sick of scheming, of boredom, of your name;
When, if ever, I am done with bullying, tired
Of poisoning your life while wasting mine
Improving ours, remind me then that fools are hired
By citizens who—bored with bread and wine—
Must sip and wait to see how winds will blow
Before admitting what their children know.

I NOMINATE GEISMAR

Joseph North

PREFACE: Joseph North's appraisal of Maxwell Geismar's profound study of Mark Twain prompted this preface.

The helmsmen of the old order, Nixon and Kissinger are incinerating the men, women and children of Vietnam—a people who have electrified the world with the fierceness of their struggle for freedom.

Dear Max:

When we plebeians get more political heft than we have at this moment we shall establish our own Nobel awards. I feel in my bones that you will be nominated and chosen for highest honors, for the succession of your luminous books that shed light in this contemporary literary wasteland, and for your foremost achievement to date, "Mark Twain, An American Prophet."

I find your arguments and proofs irrefutable. Yes, I agree with you that Mark Twain is our poet-prophet, a seer whose works will endure as long as human eyes are here to read them. Yes, as you write, he and Walt Whitman were the best we have to offer to the world and I know that a world is grateful for them. How often in my travels these past four decades have I encountered that fact, the latest being in Ulan Bator, in Mongolia, where two young university professors told me they read everything published by Mark Twain and Whitman, read them in the English.

You brought Mark Twain to life, for you, critic and literary historian, are also endowed with the novelist's gift of creating character. You conjure up an animate, bewhiskered, flesh-and-blood Sam Clemens and conduct him to his rightful place in the Pantheon alongside Voltaire, Goethe, Tolstoy, Tagore, Neruda, seers of other lands. It is proper, fitting and overdue.

You did what nobody else has done, taken this master-craftsman and revealed him not solely as satirist, or humorist, or novelist, all of which he pre-eminently was, but as a titan who identified his most personal aspirations with those of humanity. He related precisely to the common man, and in his own words that you quote, he declared: "I am quite sure that the average man is built just as I am: otherwise I should not be making this revelation of my inside." All his life he was making that revelation, all his works were that revelation, and if one is moved to see him as Egotist, he could, as you indicate, reply as Walt did: "I contain multitudes."

How marvelously attended he was to the multitudes. His life-work was to champion their spiritual and material well-being. How much he learned from Jim on

Is there not sufficient cause for indictment of U.S. imperialism? Is this not the moment for cultural leaders to pick up the flag of the Anti-Imperialist League of which Mark Twain was a leading member? Silence is murderous! In the name of humanity let us unleash a Mark Twain League to end the war now!—Editors.

that raft. Early this son of slaveowners saw chattel slavery for the abomination that it was. This comprehension led him, stage by stage, to his final advance post in American letters. He went to the grave as America's most distinguished anti-imperialist. I wholeheartedly endorse your observation: "And note again perhaps the most original spirit of them all drew all his faith and strength and power—in the older tradition of nineteenth century American writing from Emerson and Thoreau, Whitman and Melville—from an absolute identification with the people, the masses, and that 'average man' who was both the mask and the true source of strength for Clemens art. This was the source of our literature's greatness in its high period; and the lack of it was the cause of contemporary American literature's failure." As the young of today put it, you can say that again. And again.

Above all your reader is awed by the grandeur of the creative man you convey, the hero that Mark Twain was. You do that at a moment in our history when the premium the Establishment sponsors is the non-hero, the anti-hero, when spiritual dwarfs populate the pages of our contemporary novels (Updike, Mailer, Roth, Bellow, et al). These novelists dovetail with the reigning powers who wish to accent nihilism, despair, an American consciousness bereft of vision, compassion, hope. It suits them better that way for it perpetuates the status quo. This is the time in the official literature that Mylai is in the political. It is massacre of the spirit, genocide of the soul.

This book of yours may well have initiated a day of Restoration, a time that will rehabilitate the heroic, which, needless to say, is desperately required in this hour of Richard Nixon.

Other critics and historians were in a morass of obfuscation about Mark Twain: you captured his spirit I feel, even though he was a complex man living in a time of enormous intricacy, as all times of transition are. He lived in the historic shift of eras from the Old Republic, as you put it, to the natal days of imperialism. He had the vision for that and the obduracy of spirit to face it. Naturally he would be a man of con-

tradictions for his was a most contradictory time. He had lived through the Civil War (one of the most ennobling wars in history, Lenin said) to the gory conquest of the Phillipines, one of the most degrading times of our history. Despite his failure to see the centrality of the working-class and its goal of socialism (as his best friend William Dean Howells did), one fact overrides all else—his commitment to the reality he saw, his dedication to human dignity.

This is what the other historians failed to gather; those you discuss, Bernard De Voto, the early Van Wyck Brooks, Charles Neider, Justin Kaplan, all of whom saw only a part of the man and mistook that part for the whole—the apt fable comes to mind of the blind philosophers and the elephant.

Yet despite the racking intricacy of the time, and the tragedies that beset his personal life toward the end, you show magnificently how he preserved the “edenic,” the fresh, childlike clarity that could see the silhouette and the color as clear-eyed as the city child sees his first meadow or the country child his first skyscraper. As you put it, assessing his Autobiography, that wonderful “daylight” document, the man died young at 75. Despite his crushing personal tragedies his innermost soul was undaunted, as we learn from his last writings. He retained that youthful curiosity and zest for experience and drive to scrutinize the human creature to the last, and if he was intimate with some of the thieving financial titans who were the helmsmen of imperialism, if “he went to the dinners for Carnegie and the Rockefellers,” he did so “in order to get new material . . .” I believe that. For his writings reveal that the plush draperies of their living rooms never obscured, for him, what was transpiring behind them. “In this sense” you say, “Mark Twain was the most notorious spy in the history of the American oligarchy. He more than any other writer, historian, scholar, politician or statesman, surely deserved the fame and the honor of being the greatest traitor to his class.” (I have just reread a great book, “Resurrection,” by another traitor to his class, Count Ilva Tolstoy. And I think of Heinrich Heine returning home to his garret in Paris from the dazzling soirees at Baron Rothschild’s, the bewildered secret police trailing him. Such treason is sublime.)

After all, Sam Clemens was the creator of Huckleberry Finn and how consistent he was! Huck too rejected the ethic of his contemporaries, the traditional Southerners view of slavery. In one of the most moving scenes of American literature, Huck decides, after spiritual torment, against handing Jim back to the slaveowners, even if it meant that his soul would burn everlasting. “I was a’trembling, because I’ve got to decide, forever, betwixt two things, and I knowed it. I studied a minute, sort of holding my breath, and then says to myself: ‘All right, then I’ll go to hell,’ and he tore up the note he had written that was to return Jim to slavery. This child of the South committed treason to the code of Jefferson Davis and in a few years, if not even then, that act would be punishable

by death in this world as well as by damnation for eternity in the other.

Yes, the child is father to the man. In later life, in his final years, Mark Twain wrote those volcanic indictments of imperialism, “To The Person Sitting in Darkness,” “King Leopold’s Soliloquy” (how timely today in this age of neo-colonialism when imperialism, in its last writhings, one might say, still stretches bloody talons toward the vast continent of Africa). And, not exculpating his own country for its crime, he wrote “The United States of Lyncherdom,” writing as well, if not better, than he ever did at any time of his younger years. His pen never rusted.

You prove, absolutely, how erroneous the criticism is that ascribes these thunderbolts of conscience to a philosophy of pessimism, to the defeats of old age, to the agonizing personal losses in his latter years. No, the same motivations animated him as those days he put Huckleberry Finn on the Mississippi raft, when he saw through the Duke and Dauphin, ragged predecessors of Carnegie and Rockefeller.

The same man, the same life, the same soul.

He certainly knew there was a penalty for loyalty to conviction. His daughter Clara witnessed his bravery when he confronted the mighty to write “The Person Sitting in Darkness.” Clara wrote “Father secured the approbation of both my mother and Mr. (William Dean) Howells, whose opinions alone would enable him to stand like the Statue of Liberty, unweakened by the waters of condemnation that washed up to his feet.”

The floods did indeed rise. Janet Smith said the article “produced a cyclone.” He fought imperialism and his peers did not like it, then or now. So the critics pinned the yellow tag of “propaganda” on the latter works, trying to brainwash readers into believing that a cantankerous, defeated, bitter old man was now writing. But I believe you, dear Max, have the final word when you judge these writings to be “Great history, great writing, and great art, yes, in the polemical traditions of art. “As though the artist can be banished from the terrain of the polemic; as though they would voluntarily accept exile, for, as the classic Greeks felt the penalty of exile is the equivalent of the death sentence. Great writers have defied such stricture since John Milton wrote his *Areopagiticus*. Has it ever been otherwise in our tradition? Shelley, Byron (who died on a mission to free enslaved Greece), O’Casey, Shaw, Dreiser, Hemingway (Spain, the liberation of Paris), Zola (*J’Accuse*), Neruda, hounded from town to town in the night) the list can go on and on.

Max, the finest tribute I can pay you for this book is the fact that I sent it to Phan Tu, the Vietnamese poet who was wounded defending his homeland, shot by troops carrying the American flag. We met at a writers’ congress in 1968 where he spoke, and I remember how his words moved me and other guests like T. P. Snow. Phan Tu handed me this note on his departure to Vietnam, and to the front, and I kept thinking of him as I read you.

Dear Mr. Joseph North:

When I was 12 I already was in love with the writings of Mark Twain.

His Tom Sawyer accompanied me in my wanderings along the edge of the sea. (I was born in South Vietnam, my home is about 200 yards from the water's edge.)

Then I came to know and to love the great Whitman, all of whose works I read in French translations. The desire to read Twain and Whitman in their own language impelled me into the study of English. I developed an ardent wish to visit America and to speak with Americans.

Fate decreed that the first Americans that I would meet are the killers in the expeditionary corps of the United States in South Vietnam.

Twice they have wounded me. They have killed three cousins of mine, and they now occupy my birthplace.

The other Americans I have met are the prisoners of war whose numbers are rapidly growing in the camps of the FNL, South Vietnam. I must use my English for other purposes now: to write anti-imperialist posters, to read documents taken from the enemy, to re-educate the prisoners of war.

Still, I am not disillusioned. The flames enveloping Morrison, the massive demonstrations in New York, the poems against "the dirty war" all have shown me that the true America persists and grows day by day.

You Mr. Joseph North, are the first progressive American with whom I ever spoke. My faith in the American people is fortified after each encounter with you. I have read, breathlessly, your autobiographical book, "No Men Are Strangers" which has brought me to understand the genuine American, who combats imperialism and racism. . . .

I thank you for enabling me to understand—through your book and your talks—the country and the compatriots of Lincoln, Whitman and Twain.

Please transmit these thoughts to our American friends, our confidence and understanding of brothers-in-arms from South Vietnam. When Saigon is finally liberated by the maquis of South Vietnam, and you come to visit us, we shall not regard you as 'strangers,' but as 'international friends,' as is our custom. That term should please you, for certain, for 'no men are strangers.'

To you, the salute of fighting solidarity

Phan Tu, writer of South Vietnam (FNL)

That's it, Max. How would Sam Clemens read that? I know how you will, for you explained why Phan Tu

who was wounded twice by killer carrying our flag, can still want to take our hand, to call us by honored titles, "our international friends." For, to him, we are representatives of Mark Twain's America.

He divined in Mark what you spell out—the great writer in whom the zeitgeist moves—and anti-imperialist, the "international friend." I wish that we had an Anti-Imperialist League among the writers of America today, (almost three quarters of a century after Mark Twain joined it in his time.)

I believe another such League is due. I was impressed, Max, by the spirit that animated most of the participants at the Congress of American Writers at Town Hall last May. They had gathered from all our states to defend the Bill of Rights, as well as to look after their material welfare. They saw both ultimately as one, and right they are.

This letter is written as the United States Supreme Court is about to include one more reactionary and one proto-fascist, even more reactionary than reactionary. Nixon continues to trick millions of our compatriots and the time has come to act on all that Mark Twain taught posterity about men like that Nixon predecessor, one who had so much in common with him, Theodore Roosevelt.

"I am an anti-imperialist," Mark Twain wrote. "I am opposed to having an eagle put its talons on another land." He said that in the year 1900. Countless thousands of Filipinos had been bayoneted by our soldiers who were "civilizing 'em with a Krag." A century of Mylais we have been living through.

Yes, an Anti-Imperialist League of 1972!

And I would suggest that a delegation of American writers of various political affiliations go to Phan Tu's land—in the name of Mark Twain. A kind of literary Mark Twain Battalion as once there was an Abraham Lincoln Battalion in another war for freedom.

For chairman of that delegation, I nominate Maxwell Geismar.



Alberto Beltran

INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S FILM FESTIVAL

Ruby Dee

In May of last year I received an invitation from Mr. Baskakov, the Director general of the International Film Festival in Moscow, to be a member of the International Jury for children's films to be held in July, 1971.

In the days that followed, before answering the letter, I had mentioned to friends the invitation to the Festival. Several people reminded me that going to Moscow wasn't especially "cool" now because the U.S. was boycotting the Festival and was not sending a delegation. I thought about that. But accustomed as I am to living dangerously, I decided that I wanted to go anyhow. I had been a guest of the International Film Festival in 1969 with no special task to perform. The prospect of having to see so many films from various parts of the world intrigued me—so, in spite of the warnings, I left for Moscow July 18th.

Most important, Ossie had been invited to accompany me on this trip. We would be together in a foreign country—alone for the first time in quite a long while, away from the phone, business, family, problems and even ourselves in a sense.

On arrival it was good to say "Hello" again to some beautiful people who had become friends and whom I'd thought never to see again.

Soon it was time to get as quickly as possible to the Kremlin Palace where the introductory ceremony was just about to begin. The ceremony was short. We were introduced and we left after the aims of the Festival—to promote peace and friendship among all nations—was restated.

The Kremlin Palace is a huge auditorium, beautiful, modern, equipped with dial-your language seats, and good viewing from any seat in the house. The main events were held here—the major film from countries all over the world.

One glorious aspect of such festivals is that you get an opportunity to meet people from places you only read about, to hear many languages, to get a sense of the life-style of many countries, and to feel that you've really touched hands around the world.

I also met many Americans in Moscow despite the fact that we had no official delegation. There were producers, directors, buyers of films, theatre owners.

Ruby Dee, world renowned actress.

CHILDREN'S

Ruby Dee

Many films from the states were entered in the major competition and one in the children's competition.

This trip was work, but happy work because it usually meant watching films from after breakfast until lunch. Then in the afternoon watching more films. In the evening I attended those films in the main competition that I wanted to see.

Before going to Moscow I had never heard of a Children's Film Festival. And except for television, I confess I had not thought of the films made for young people in our country. In general, I thought of some things I disliked (emphasis on violence for example) and I appreciated some new developments in programming like *Sesame Street*. So it was with great pleasure that I went to watch films in a country that does a great deal in terms of the development of its children. They were shown in the Palace of Young Pioneers and School Children. It was not equipped with the dial-a-language seats. We were always accompanied by an interpreter.

There were feature films, cartoons and documentaries. The first film shown was "Polonez of Oginsky," a Soviet entry, with which I was tremendously impressed. I had not known of the role of children in the resistance during the Nazi occupation. This was the story of a young boy with extraordinary musical talent who uses his violin in support of the underground in its desperate efforts to help defeat the Nazis. I was impressed with the number of feature films dealing with the relationships of children to the resistance. I saw some of the best performances by children in these films.

There were films from the German Democratic Republic, India, Bulgaria, Mongolia, Japan, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Iran, Vietnam, France, Poland, Rumania, Italy and Brazil. I must state here that I had made extensive notes on each film entered in the children's division and had mailed them along with other material that I'd taken with me to work on in spare time. I haven't received the package yet.

Of course, I remember the things that I enjoyed most and/or the things that I disapproved of most. I was especially convinced that films of fairy tales must take a different turn after viewing "The Ass's Skin," from France, a modern-day Cinderella story complete with

glass slipper and the prize of marriage to the handsome prince.

Children of today, I feel, have different needs—especially those children with whom I am familiar who come from the streets, who come from broken homes, who come from a society in turmoil, who from the age of six face more real and dangerous problems. Fairy tales grew out of a different background—primarily an agricultural, peasant society where the epitome of the good life was the life of the master or of the aristocracy. What kind of fairy tale (if, indeed, we can call them fairy tales anymore) would be suitable for the child who comes from the slums of New York or South America or India? What do most of the children in the world need by way of new myths to replace what seems to be almost useless, irrelevant exercises in a past value system that no longer pertains,

The "Tales Of Beatrix Potter" from Great Britain was another elaborate well-done and much-discussed expensive contribution. I wanted to see more of the central character in this film, a lonely daughter in a middle-class situation. The parents were never seen. The film dealt solely with the fantasy world into which her loneliness and neglect and great imagination forced her. The very long picture was devoted mostly to the antics of animals and insects, danced beautifully by the Royal Ballet Company to the accompaniment of exquisite classical music.

Again I thought this was a contribution made for the few, for the aristocracy, or for the poor child whose parents might drag her or him along in hopes that, someday, their child, too, would be part of the "culturally elite." As a matter of fact, I doubt the value of such films even for the middle-class and rich child today who seems to want to relate with greater truth to the world around them. Classic film—yes—but in a different, more relevant context.

"A Woman With A Basket Of Eggs" was a delightful cartoon story of an industrious woman who started out with one chicken and one egg. Her selfish ambition leads her to greedy accumulation, to murder and then to her own destruction and the destruction of the world that she had envisioned. It was fast paced and very well done. I was sorry that I hadn't put up more of a battle for it to win one of the prizes (because most of the jurors liked it). I was side-tracked by another film that I liked very much and as a result "A Woman With A Basket" was overlooked.

The other film was "Au, Kid" from Hungary which dealt with a little boy's search for time—some time which nobody in his family seemed to have for him. So he ran away in search of more time. I haven't seen such a film dealing with abstractions in children's terms.

The second prize was awarded to "Hedgehogs Are Born Without Prickles," from Bulgaria. It consisted of three different tales—an ear wiggling contest, a fantasized revenge against an uncooperative store-keeper and the adventures involved in retrieving a lost ball. It was an honest film. The boys were good

actors and very engaging. When I tried to explain to my fellow jurors that I thought it was a very naive film for children (10-13), it dawned on me with great clarity that I come from a part of the world that is quite different from what eastern Europe, I imagine, is today. Perhaps, I wasn't fit to judge children's films. I come from a country where dope addiction among very young children is a great problem and increasing and, therefore, of great concern to the whole community and to the government. I felt that the children whom I knew and whom I think about, Black, white, Indian, Puerto Rican, especially the poor, might have been bored by such tame excursions. I am not sure of this position, however. They might have thoroughly enjoyed the "normal" innocence of these adventurers.

I liked very much "A Bath For Benny" from Denmark. It was the story of a boy about twelve, neglected by his cigarette-smoking, tea drinking, gossiping mother. His father is always away. I appreciated the fact that very real circumstances propelled his adventures and the excursions of his vivid imagination.

Then there were cartoons that were frankly propaganda. I confess I liked them very much. "Cheburashka," a Soviet cartoon shown out of competition, is an example. It explored the merits and the delights of belonging to a pioneer camp.

To my surprise was a short and touching film, "A Big Save" from Great Britain. Though of great merit, it was not developed well enough, I feel. Its young hero is a Black boy from the slums who works and saves and scrounges to buy himself a bicycle. When he has achieved the sum, however, he buys a carriage for his pregnant mother instead.

An exquisite film from Japan, a cartoon, "Torra From Tonma" won a major prize.

From the U.S. "The Tender Warrior," filmed in and around the Okefenoke Swamp near Waycross, Georgia, also won a prize. Incidentally, I had recently visited this historic location and heard some of the stories identified with the swamp—stories of escaped slaves, drownings, heroism and murder. The entire audience reacted to this film with great enthusiasm. I thoroughly enjoyed it too though I fared badly with the triple translation—Russian over English with a Southern accent, back again to English. The conflict between a young boy and his friend over the destruction of animals for profit motivated this especially good offering.

"Abel, Your Brother," from Poland, was a somber, mature story of alienation and lack of understanding between a widowed mother and her boy and between the boy and his classmates resulting in his death.

The film that won first prize was the Soviet film, "Attention! A Tortoise." It explored the cruelty and thoughtlessness of children toward animals—in this case a small turtle who is a pet of one of the students.

This turtle's life is saved by a soldier in a tank attracted by the frantic pleas of the little boy not to crush the turtle in the path of the tank. It was well done and thoughtful. I said to myself, however, "Yes,

it is easy to be kind to animals—it is easy to love that to which we need have little responsibility from whom we need expect little, from whom we can always expect devotion and pleasure. It is much easier, in other words, to love an animal than it is to love another human being." I wanted a more profound idea to be at stake for the grand international prize.

The tank and soldier seemed to me symbols of salvation. I have profound prejudices against war and all its instruments. I expected "Attention! A Tortoise" to win a prize but I would have preferred "Abel Your Brother," I think, to have won the first prize.

The audience at these showings was composed, outside of the jurors and interpreters, of children and their supervisors from various pioneer camps.

In addition to the official children's jury there was an unofficial jury of children only. It was interesting to note at our final session, when we had thrashed out our momentous decisions, that the children voted first prize for the film, "Abel Your Brother." It was a

tragedy. Children, I've discovered, have very keen minds and hearts for that which is tragic.

Many of the films were delightful, instructive and well done. A cartoon, "Children and Cars" from Great Britain and "Mini Volleyball" from Rumania, with an international cast of all races, pleased me very much.

A general feeling, after it was all over, that haunted me was that the problems of the world are so difficult and complex, that the role of film must be to prepare our children, sooner and faster, for life in the years to come.

I thought most of the films were done by adults who projected, with distinction, the physical wonders of our world—for example, outer-space and the fascinating developments that young people enjoy seeing. I think, however, that makers of films for children need to explore further—personal relationship—child to child—child to family—child to the very real issues that confront and will confront all children in a very different world to come.

I'M A WORKER

(to all my sisters in the garment industry)
My legs swollen from pressing pedals
my hands stiff from pushing cloth
I have a craving for food
that's why I have to piece work my ass off

You want some honey
you want some gunnie
I'm looking for that thing called
survival money

Yes in the mornings on the buses
& in the evenings coming home
you'll hear me talk about the foreman the
floorlady the bossman & the bossma's ho
cause they all gettin rich off me & my veins
varicose
and believe me that's all i've got to show

If I had some honey
If I had some gunnie
think I'd have that thing called survival
money

Jayne Cortez, of Los Angles, Calif., is found in the following anthologies: *We Speak As Liberators*, *The Black Aesthetic* and *New Black Voices*.

Jayne Cortez

I'm so tired of this 8 to 4
sittin standin waitin for the bell to ring
daytime nighttime sometime shit with
these broken needles broken threads & taxes
I don't know what to do

Why don't I collect unemployment?

that's right I paid 20 years worth of dues
but get this
If I quit?
the motha fuckin social security truant officer nazi's
don't wanna get up off my long earned fufu

I got some honey
I got some gunnic
but got dammit I can't find no
survival money

I think I'll kill me a machine and
see if I can't get a raise that way
cause this minute to minute agony
just ain't gon' bring in no sufficient pay

I got the landlord gas lights
the union telephone department store
subways buses & 4 human beings
to feed
so tell me tell me tell me
do you think a revolution is what I need

TV—FROM WASTELAND TO DESERT

Ben Levine

Les Brown, television and radio editor for *Variety*, the weekly trade paper of the entertainment industry, was asked recently on David Frost's talk show how he would sum up the state of the broadcasting business. He summed it up in one word—

The word was "Fear."

He pointed out that a TV executive was not going to risk a \$200,000 a year salary by climbing out on an unknown limb. And this, Brown indicated, explains the increasingly tame and bland programs offered by the commercial networks.

He didn't elaborate, probably because David Frost gave him a short quarter hour after that, most of which David filled with his own anecdotes.

But for us listeners, Brown's remark was the clue to the mystery of the murder of television drama in the U.S.A. Mammon is the murderer in this whodunit.

The cost of a TV situation series of 39 weekly sketches has been estimated at \$3,000,000, from which, together with 13 summer reruns, the network is expected to reap \$9,000,000 from advertisers. With so many millions at stake, would the nervous networks take chances on any flights of the imagination? If any of the high-salaried bigwigs ever were so inclined they have changed their ways or have vanished from the scene, and is evidenced by the declining level of each new fall season.

Even the ratio of episodes to reruns was reduced this season.

As a matter of fact, the past fall season looked like one vast rerun of the worst of the last five years.

It isn't that the script writers lack talents. But after their offerings are laundered by committees and blue-penciled by vice-presidents sensitive to sponsors, little remains to divert the viewer's attention from the soap and toilet paper and dogfood commercials.

Nor do the actors lack talent.

Shirley McLaine is dissipating her bright gifts in ABC's "Shirley's World."

Tony Curtis stalks thieves grimly in "The Persuaders."

Herschell Bernadi carries on from last season as the irrepressible Arnie, which in the interest of his artistic career he should have had the courage to repress.

James Franciseus, who once gave us pleasure as a

Ben Levine is TV Editor for the N.Y. *Daily World*.

high school teacher, has sunk this season into chasing insurance crooks though, in his case, something new has been added. James is a blind detective, which is supposed to heighten all his other senses. In this, by the way, may lurk a moral. We may learn from this the superiority of radio over television as a vehicle for drama. Perhaps the radio broadcasters may take up again the playwrighting which television has deserted.

But why continue the litany of dreary sitcoms and westerns and homieidal plots in which the pistol is more prolific than the pen?

Nor is the deterioration confined to the drama. Documentaries are fewer, and if we get an occasional "Selling of the Pentagon," the outraged cries of a Spiro Agnew, though answered with bold words by CBS executives, have had their effect on this season's documentaries.

The TV wasteland of more than a decade ago has been turned by private enterprise into a desert.

The dessicating process was inevitable, given the profitmaking incentives of the private networks. Once the golden shower started from the sale of advertising space in the skies, nothing could withstand laws of capitalist accumulation.

This was not the original intention of Congress that first passed the acts granting franchises in the 1920's to radio broadcasters. Nor was it even the original aim of the broadcasters who, being radio manufacturers, had first thought of their stations as promoting the sales of radios. That is why the early radio programs, and even the early TV programs in the years after 1949 which marked the "Golden Age" of drama, provided pleasure and some instruction.

But the decades brought increasing commercials and actors and the best writers and the brightest tunes are diverted more and more to the commercials, while the programs wedged into the narrowing spaces between them are kept to a contrasting gray.

"The bourgeoisie," says the Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels, "has converted the physician, the lawyer, the priest, the poet, the man of science into its paid wage-laborers."

The private networks, we can say, have converted TV sets into sales machines, and our playwrights into salesmen.

The Federal Communications Commission, established by Congress in the 1920's as a watchdog to see that the broadcasters fulfilled their public service obligations in exchange for their monopoly franchises, could not stop this trend. Most FCC members shared the capitalist ideology of the industry. Congressmen, to whom the FCC owed its life, often had their own financial interests in broadcasting stations. President Johnson, for example, through his wife's holdings owned an Austin, Texas, radio and TV enterprise. And Nixon's appointment of Dean Burch, manager of the 1964 Goldwater campaign, as FCC manager showed what little reliance can today be placed on FCC regulations.

Only the voice of Nicholas Johnson, youngest of the FCC members, has been heard loud and clear for viewers' rights, so much so that demands for his dismissal have come from broadcasters. But Johnson has few allies on the FCC. Nevertheless, he has not lost hope that viewers will be roused from their living room couches to fight for a better broadcasting world, and this hope he has set out in his book, "How to Talk Back to Your Television Set."

Recent developments show there is some foundation for hope.

The most visible of these on a growing national scale is non-commercial television.

HISTORY DOES MOVE AHEAD

George M. Fishman

A thread of New Jersey history is the feature of oppression and degradation of people because of labor relationships and because of race. This feature has to do, in part, with the lengthy history of slavery in New Jersey and its pervading influences on the institutions of the State. The period during which slavery existed in New Jersey history is twice as long as the period of time since its complete ending with the coming of the U.S. Civil War.

The history of Blacks in New Jersey involves free Blacks as well as Black slaves. The African-descended part of the State's population goes back farther in the history of New Jersey than does the English-descended part. Nevertheless, slavery was the foundation for repressive racial laws (the Black Code), areas of which remained a part of the New Jersey legal fabric even after slavery.

After the Civil War, the increased migration of Afro-Americans into the State was the occasion for panic and reaction and increased segregation. This reactionary and divisive trend has been intensified by the class stratagems of the reigning corporations of the State until the present-day.

Recall the high rate of Black prisoners executed by the State of New Jersey. Recall the murder of George Cannon, state leader of the N.A.A.C.P. in Jersey City in the 1920's. Recall the Trenton Six Case. Recall the slaughter of Blacks in Newark during the events of the summer, 1967—to see the racism in the history of New Jersey.

Yet, there is more. There is the fight against this racism. There is the freedom movement on the part of Afro-Americans themselves in the first place and of

HISTORY DOES MOVE AHEAD

George M. Fishman

allies. However, the literature on New Jersey history does not adequately reflect the struggle against racism. Rather, to an alarming extent, it reflects the very racism which must be struggled against. The literature shows racism of omission and of commission taking varying forms, whether blatant, subtle, apologetic, "learned" or paternalistic.

A Gallery of Racism

EXHIBIT: Andrew D. Mellick J., in an oft-quoted book on New Jersey history, *Story of an Old Farm* (1889), refers to Blacks as "savages" and "uncivilized," when actually among the slaves were many talented persons. There was for example Whango of Camden County, who spoke more than one language. There were skilled workers. There were persons who had been princes and princesses. The heritage and culture of Africa was reflected among its descendants. Yet Mellick crudely asserts that Blacks had no reasoning power.

EXHIBIT: James Connolly of Elizabeth, writing in the *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society* January, 1929, discusses why slavery did not take on the proportions in New Jersey that it did in the South. This approach leads him to draw the same conclusion as to slavery in New Jersey that the sandhog in Earl Robinson's folk opera concludes about the bends. "Oh! It wasn't so bad." Although Connolly concludes that New Jersey enslavement was "not so bad," the question arises, did the *slaves themselves* think so?

Connolly's generalization that masters were kind, overlooks the fact that slaves were not free and that the masters were practitioners of forced labor and could be cruel. Quamino Buccau [1762-1850] of Burlington, a man who knew what it was to be a slave in New Jersey, put it neatly when he said, "I don't know much about freedom, but I wouldn't be a slave again if you gave me the best farm in the Jersies."

George M. Fishman, a high school teacher, has written on Black History for *Freedomways*, *Negro History Bulletin* and other periodicals.

Connolly leaves the impression that slavery in New Jersey was an exception to the slave institution generally in that, in this State, supposedly, husbands and wives were not separated. However, the slavery experiences of Quamino Buccau refute this. Furthermore, the separation of mother and child by slave-sales was no less oppressive.

Recalling the slavery part of her extremely long life, that venerable Black woman of the Ramapo Mountains of New Jersey—Silvia Du Bois—tells about being separated from her mother by a slave sale. And Mellick himself, referred to above, tells about a sale of “niggers” that tore a family apart. A slave referred to as Robert the Hermit tells about being torn from his mother at four years of age, in Princeton.

Speaking at the Fourth Annual American History Work-shop held at Rutgers University, New Brunswick, in 1964, Hon. Herbert H. Tate, of Newark, gave the view of the Afro-American freedom movement towards slavery in New Jersey. He said:

“Slavery in New Jersey was no different than slavery in any other state. It was morally wrong and economically regressive.”

EXHIBIT: The American people made advances during the New Deal period. Nevertheless, racism abounded even during that period, short-circuiting even greater advances that could have been made in terms of equal rights and that still have to be made today. A New Jersey example in the area of history-writing is a 1940 volume published in Newark by the W.P.A., namely, *Transcriptions of Early County Records of New Jersey, Gloucester County Series. Slave Documents*.

Here is a reflection of paternalism. Introductory remarks in this volume discuss the Underground Railroad in New Jersey—without a mention of Blacks! Those bones you may hear rattling must be those of such Black anti-slavery activists as William and James Still, Frances Harper and others, as well as the many runaway slaves, the “passengers” of the line. According to the W.P.A., the Underground Railroad was an outcome of white benevolence. To quote the book:

“The records reproduced in the following pages are evidence of the great struggle for the freedom of an enslaved people [not by them G.F.]

EXHIBIT: A voting Act of 1807 is considered to be very important by Professor Leo Troy in his book *Organized Labor in New Jersey* (a volume in the *History of New Jersey* series mentioned below). His reason is “political recognition was given to labor by the law . . .”

However, Professor Troy completely ignores the fact that this law reads: “. . . no person shall vote in any state or county election . . . unless such a person be a *free, white male citizen* [emphasis in the original G.F.] of the age of twenty-one years, worth fifty pounds . . .”

So the “political recognition” did not include (1)

Black slaves; (2) free Blacks; (3) women; (4) those under 21 years of age; (5) those, even though male and white, who didn’t own a certain amount of money. Quite a bit to be overlooked! And when the omission reflects a viewing of “labor” simply as “free, white, male labor” then the white-supremacist as well as the male-supremacist content of the error of omission is clear. It is worth noting that oppression of Blacks is here related to oppression of women and poor whites. Surely the recognition and progress of labor and of the nation cannot be isolated from the recognition and progress of Afro-Americans!

Professor Troy neglects other aspects of labor history: the fact that Black skilled workers played an important part in the economic life of the state and nation, even though largely excluded from the organized labor movement; the fact that Black workers from the 1930’s on have played a greater role in leadership and rank and file labor movements.

Racism in History-Writing Continues

This racism in New Jersey history writing continues to the present-day. It must be exposed and fought. The well-known and eminent historian, Professor Richard P. McCormick, head of the History Department of Rutgers University, has written profusely and in a scholarly way on New Jersey history. His study of voting in the history of New Jersey makes use of material by the Black scholar, Marion Thompson Wright. Also the Rutgers *Outline History of New Jersey*, published in the 1950’s, deals with Afro-Americans to a much greater extent than earlier standard histories of the State. However, in *New Jersey from Colony to State 1609-1789* he manages in 189 pages to write a study of almost two hundred years of New Jersey history, a period that includes the American Revolution—without dealing with the role of Blacks. Again bones are rattling. This time those of Blacks such as Peter Williams, Cato, Samuel Sutphin and others who fought with the Revolutionary Army, of Prince Whipple and Cromwell who crossed the Delaware with Washington, of Cyrus Bustill (of Burlington), an ancestor of Paul Robeson, known as the “Baker of the Revolution.”

Another example: *The New Jersey Historical Series*, issued in connection with New Jersey’s tercentenary commemoration, edited by Richard M. Huber and Wheaton J. Lane, is valuable historical material. A grave shortcoming is that among its 31 volumes not one is devoted to the Afro-American experience and role in New Jersey. There are supplementary volumes on labor and on the people of New Jersey generally. However, both of these volumes are inadequate in dealing with Afro-Americans. A volume (or volumes) on the Afro-American role in New Jersey history is greatly needed.

This New Jersey need still seems to be part of a national need. This fact was indicated in April, 1970, by Dr. Herbert Aptheker in his talk to the social studies and English teachers of West Philadelphia High-

school.* Dr. Aptheker in that talk mentioned that in Commager's huge volume of over a million words, *Documents in American History*, there is not a single document dealing with Afro-Americans.

In 1964 correspondence with the New Jersey Tercentenary Commission, the author stressed the crucial need for a volume dealing with special experiences and contributions of Afro-Americans in New Jersey history. In reply Mr. Donald Davies acknowledged this need and indicated the volume would be published and that it would be the most important in the series. Fine! However, seven years later the volume is still not published!

The mass freedom upsurge of the 1960's in New Jersey and elsewhere undoubtedly influenced Mr. Davies to recognize the need for dealing with the Afro-American role. That upsurge also was able to influence even the staid, corporation-oriented New Jersey Historical Society to alter its lily-white image.

For the first time in its long history the picture of a Black person (a painting of a Black youth) hangs from the walls of its Newark headquarters in a place that is noticeable to public viewers. As a result of the leadership and prodding efforts of Mrs. Vera B. McMillon and others, there is a functioning Afro-American Committee in the Society. It is sponsoring archival activity, the holding of conferences and the writing of special studies in the field of Afro-Americans in New Jersey."**

To date (October, 1971), as far as is known, the Committee has not been able to get the Society to commit itself to make funds immediately available for the writing of a one-volume popular reader dealing with Afro-Americans in New Jersey history. In taking this position, the New Jersey Historical Society is lagging behind a state body, the New Jersey Historical Commission, which has pledged itself to immediate financial support for such a project.

The Historical Society, whose membership includes such eminent "historians" as Prudential Insurance Co. of America, is finding funds for a huge building expansion but, to date not for an Afro-American volume.

The minimal efforts by established agencies in respect to Afro-American history takes on a Johnny-come-lately aspect. The fact is that Afro-American historical efforts have deep roots in New Jersey history and are part of larger efforts for the writing of truthful history about the people generally.

There is the history of Afro-American communities, such as the history of Gouldtown by the Stewards (1913). There are family histories such as that of the

* The text of Dr. Aptheker's talk is available: "Dr. Aptheker Speaks With Teachers: In the Battle Against Racism in Education. Questions and Answers." Copies are available at the cost of reproducing and mailing, \$1.50. Write to George M. Fishman c/o Social Studies Dept., West Philadelphia High School, 47th and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia, Penna.

** Mr. Jack Brown, of Montclair, is working on an historical study of Negroes in Newark, based on city directories since 1835.

Smiley family of Lawnside. There are histories of Afro-American churches.

As early as 1914, a condensed outline history of Afro-Americans in New Jersey was written by W. P. Burrell, as part of a Souvenir Program of Booker T. Washington's tour of New Jersey. There is the pioneering research of the Black scholar, Dr. Marion Thompson Wright, going back to her doctoral thesis on the history of Negro education in New Jersey (1937) and her articles in the *Journal of Negro History*. There are the efforts of the dedicated Afro-American educator, Mrs. Dorothy Conley Elam, of E. Berlin, N. J., working through the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, to popularize Afro-American contributions going back some fifty years in her case. There is also the popularization role played for many years by Mrs. Goodman of Camden, N.J., Dr. Roscoe Moore of Magnolia, N. J. and Dr. Polk of Roselle, N. J.

During the 1930's, there were the studies of the Inter-Racial Committee and of Ira de A. Reid for the Urban League in the Afro-American area. An editor of *The Crisis* in this period, W.E.B. Du Bois paid attention to Afro-American life and culture in New Jersey. An interesting and significant piece of writing of the late 1930's is the unpublished effort by one Harold Weaver from a working class and Black liberation coordinated viewpoint. It is in fifty-five pages and entitled "Traditions of New Jersey's Negroes Encourage their Fight Today."

In the mid-1950's, the author began a systematic survey of available materials having to do with the Afro-American freedom struggle in the history of New Jersey. From the Historical Society of Salem County came a confession of "total lack of information on this subject." However, Blacks have been in Salem County longer than there has been a Salem County.

An Atlantic City librarian seemed to go into shock: "Material on the Negro people!" she exclaimed. "The Indian is the big man in New Jersey history," thus pitting one oppressed group against another in order to delay historical justice as to Afro-Americans by her reference to Indians. She didn't explain why if the Indian is such a "big man" in New Jersey he, after being relieved of his land holdings, has disappeared from the New Jersey scene.

The curator of the New Jersey resources in the Rutgers Library, New Brunswick, has been very helpful and knowledgeable. Yet, I can't forget his first remark, "You won't find much. And don't believe that myth about Gouldtown being descended from the intermarriage between the grand-daughter of John Fenwick, the English founder of Salem, and Gould, a Black."

As to the last part of his comment, I am willing to base myself on what the people of this Afro-American community have said throughout their existence as a community from the 1690's on. See *Gouldtown* by the Stewards: William and Theophilus Gould. This book includes documents bearing on the mixed racial char-

acter of the founders and of the inhabitants of this community.

As to the first part of his comment, I just couldn't believe that there "wouldn't be much about, and by, such a people with its many struggles and contributions, its sizeable population and its long-standing historical roots. The fact is I have "found much" about Afro-Americans and the freedom struggle in the history of New Jersey.

In the Rutgers Library itself, there were and are enormous resources on Afro-Americans in New Jersey. This has been tapped to some extent by seminar papers and theses. However—with the exception of H. Solomon Hill's study, *Negroes in New Brunswick* (1942) and, to some extent, studies by Louis H. Binder, Edger-ton E. Hall and Bruce Goldstein—very seldom is the viewpoint of Afro-Americans themselves adequately reflected in seminar paper-thesis material.

Yet, there has been progress in the struggle against racism in history-writing, reflecting the mass upsurge in the freedom movement. The very person who made the comment just quoted, less than a decade later was editing a catalogue, *Negroes and New Jersey*, on materials held by the Rutgers University Library. A

couple of years after that he and a committee of New Jersey librarians issued an over-all bibliography on Negroes in New Jersey. A couple of years after that, he gave leadership in the setting up of an exhibit in the Rutgers, New Brunswick Library of documentary, published and photographic material on Afro-Americans in New Jersey life and history. It was a terrific exhibit! Included was a letter from the University Archives that revealed official Rutgers University racism towards Paul Robeson during his undergraduate years. (Text of this letter is given in an article by the author in *Freedomways*, Summer 1969, pp. 227-228.) New developments on the Rutgers, New Brunswick scene are related to movement and demands by the Black students. They are reflected in the naming of a Paul Robeson Lounge on the New Brunswick campus and in the Paul Robeson Commemorations, 1969-1970.

Yes, history does move ahead! And so does history-writing. It has much more moving to do towards history-writing and school curricula that tell the whole truth about all the people and that are cleansed of racism.

* * *

Invaluable technical help and advice by my wife Edie are gladly acknowledged.

(Continued from page 11)

war, racism, unemployment and many will fulfill their historic duty honorably. Others will be led astray by the concepts of anarchism, of Trotskyism, nihilism. Still, the mass of them can be influenced by a correct Marxist-Leninist policy. Many of them will come along part way on many issues: peace against war; democracy against racism; jobs against joblessness. It may well be that many will come all the way under working class, Marxist-Leninist leadership.

It is an all-out struggle, an ideological struggle, for men's minds. The bourgeoisie is out to win them, but hard, incontrovertible facts militate against Big Business' victory—the continued war and drive for war, increased unemployment, etc.

Many of the middle-class are disturbed by the propaganda of the ruling class about individual freedom. Many have been sold on the false idea that socialism, communism, has no regard for the individual, for his freedom.

This, of course, is false, but it must be demonstrated, argued out. They have not come to understand what it means to build socialism in a world where the socialist countries are surrounded by capitalism: and until recently, capitalism's preponderance in armed might, means of mass media, etc., etc.

They have not understood the need of a revolution to protect itself, to defend itself. They read about the CIA but do not really believe its billions of dollars are put to such use as they have: to send, for example, endless numbers of agents to try to infiltrate Cuba

and sabotage the revolution; the mental poison spread by the agencies like the Voice of America, etc., etc. There are literally hundreds of such agencies, both stemming from the USA as well as from other imperialist countries, Germany, Great Britain, France, etc.

Many of the middle-class, because they have not had that type of experience in life, the direct association with such harsh realities, find it hard to believe how extensive the efforts of imperialism are to infiltrate and overturn socialist governments. From time to time they become indignant when they discover the facts about the overturn of such progressive-moving governments like Mossadegh's in Persia, or Arbenz' in Guatemala, etc., etc., but they seem to forget what happened in Cuba at the Bay of Pigs, or in Ghana when Nkrumah's forward-moving administration was overthrown, or the many putsches in other African, South American lands.

It is the duty, the responsibility of Marxist intellectuals to seek to convey the realities to those who are misinformed on these vital matters.

The way history has moved in recent months and years it has become more possible to persuade such intellectuals of the truth. Attica, for example, is a big lesson. The credibility gap of officialdom, such as Rockefeller, was visible for even the most politically inexperienced. There are many such instances in history nowadays.

Q. Another trend in people's culture calling for basic change is personified by Angela Davis, Black Communist, instructor of philosophy. She is the most wide-

ly known and respected intellectual among the people's cultural forces. Angela practices and preaches the Marxist tenet that it is the responsibility of philosophers not only to study the world but to change it and that changes must stem from reality and not be rootless creations of the mind. For this she has been illegally fired from her teaching post at UCLA and is now languishing in jail; denied bail; forced into conditions injurious to her health; and faces a possible death penalty based upon a frame-up indictment.

There is much discussion and respect for her political militancy. There is also much talk about her "brilliance" but her role as an educator, as an intellectual with deep roots among the masses has not been sufficiently stressed. In the attempt to destroy Angela Davis do not Nixon, Rockefeller, Reagan, et al desire to undermine the maturing cultural revolution which is a necessary concomitant for basic political change? A. Because of her brilliant academic record, UCLA found it difficult to deny Angela Davis an instructorship. UCLA could chance giving Black Angela Davis a post in the philosophy department, for most philosophers in our country are content with their ivory tower existence.

But then Black Angela Davis announced that she was a Communist, she taught that philosophers cannot limit themselves to studying the world but carry the heavy responsibility of working to change it. Angela intensified her activities among the people in behalf of peace, against poverty, in defense of the rights of the Black Panthers and the Soledad Brothers, one of whom was the murdered George Jackson. For this Angela was illegally removed from her post. Angela fought back.

Angela Davis asked her students to note that histories were written by the ruling class and that a people's history of the USA is still to be written. She urged them to dig out the rich history of the Black people and the progressive traditions of the entire working class. Armed with knowledge of their own past, the people are not only strengthened in their resolve for political, economic and social freedom but assume a more conscious role in shaping their own future.

To stop this maturing cultural revolution which is preparing the people for direct participation in the political, economic and social life of the land, the Nixons, the Rockefellers, the Reagans, et al had added reason to frame Angela Davis and send her to the gas chamber. But in the millions the people are learning their lessons and they will have the last word.

Q. In conclusion, can we say that any of our intellectuals are free? Under what conditions can there be freedom for intellectuals in the USA?

A. Freedom for intellectuals in the USA? Well, let us examine that question in its most specific terms. How much freedom has a journalist on the *New York Times* to write that he has come to believe that the position of the Communist Party is just, and that of the Republican and Democratic Parties, unjust, wrong. Could he

get his article into the paper, even on the Op-Ed page, opposite the editorials, the space that is supposed to be an arena of free speech?

It is never that free, and the intellectual is never that free to say what he wants. Let him depart from the position of his employers, and his job is jeopardized.

It need not be that extreme an example, although why that should be regarded as extreme is merely an index to the status of intellectual freedom here. But assume a man on a newspaper that has the Republican position, which means about 90% of our press, wants to endorse the Democratic Party ticket. Would he have the right to do so? You know the answer to that.

When Heywood Broun said he thought Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent he was warned by the publisher to take it easy, not to repeat his viewpoint. When he persisted, his contract was unceremoniously ended, and that by the Scripps-Howard newspaper, alleged palladium of freedom of ideas at the time.

It was Mark Twain who once said, "You gets your ideas where you gets your corn pone." He was referring to the lack of freedom in the press and other mass media. It has always been so under capitalism. May a professor in a political science department teach that Marxism-Leninism is the most scientific of all political systems of thought?

Perhaps here and there may be an exception. But by and large the Boards of Trustees—made up of Big Business figures in the main—would never permit it.

How far would a television employee get if he insisted on saying that Angela Davis is innocent, and he tried to put it on a program?

How far would television employees get if they tried to say on the screen that the mass media employ Blacks only in a minimal number, really in token figures? And that that is true not only in TV, but in the press, and in radio? There are 10 Black newspapermen on the editorial staff of the *New York Times*, which hires over 2,000. There are an insufficient number of Black men and women employed on television, which hires some 20,000 nationally. So it goes right down the line.

How much freedom does the intellectual have to declare himself against such a state of affairs and insist that his firm rectify the racist injustice? You can answer that as well as I.

How free is a journalist, a radio commentator, TV writer or film writer in projecting that the workers in a strike are decent human beings striving for economic security for themselves and their families?

Take the *New York Times* again, that self-declared paragon of truth. Can you tell me how many Marxist books have been reviewed in its review section in the past decade? I believe you can count them on the fingers of one hand. How many times have you seen the views of Communists presented, to some comprehensive degree, in its pages? How many times have you seen statements by the CPUSA printed in its pages?

How long do you think an intellectual working in the State Department would last if he were to come out and say that he believes the system of socialism is superior to that of capitalism? Or in any department of the Government? Or in any top echelon post, or even middle post, in a university? This is, of course, not to speak of the major area of American life, the factory. Men can still be fired if they are known to be subscribers to the Daily World.

You ask how much freedom is there for the intellectual in the United States. By and large only the freedom to agree with the Establishment.

I can multiply these instances tenfold and still not get to a fraction of the lack of freedom the intellectual has, in reality.

How can he change the situation, short of a socialist America? Capitalism is predicated on repression, in subtle forms, generally, in crass forms when it comes to minorities. The Lords of the realm fear the truth, cannot stand it, and move in one way or another to hide or twist it their way. There can only be change when all the popular forces unify their strengths and move in one solid phalanx. So long as capitalism exists this will be a problem, but it can be curbed, if not entirely cured. This will need the unity of intellectuals among themselves, and then join forces with the working class, the Black people, the peace movement, the youth.

If a front of all these forces is created, spearheading its strength against the monopolists, we can make headway. We can insist that newspapermen, for instance, have a right to make policy on the newspapers where they work. They have won that right in some countries, and it is being raised in others. These newspapermen will not get far unless their demands are backed by labor, by the printing unions, for example, and so on up and down the line.

A mighty anti-monopoly front can make headway in the political arena and elect an array of candidates, locally and nationally, that can affect national policy.

Matters can be improved, under capitalism, excesses of the capitalists can be curbed. But in the final analysis it will take an America where the people are in control for the intellectual to be truly free. And that means, as you well know, a socialist America.

Our Apologies

An error in the placement of certain paragraphs distorted the description of an Hungarian citizen described in Albert E. Kahn's article, *We Embrace Our Friends, The Enemy* in the Autumn 1971 issue.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Aptheker, Herbert, *Afro-American History: The Modern Era*, Citadel Press, NYC, 324 pp. \$7.95.
- Aronson, James, *Packaging the News: A Critical Survey of Press, Radio, T. V., International Publishers*, NYC, \$1.45 paper.
- Blawis, Patricia Bell, *Tijerina and the Land Grants*, International Publishers, NYC, 192 pp., \$6.95 cloth, \$2.65 paper.
- DeCaux, Len, *Labor Radical: From the Wobblies to the C.I.O.*, Beacon Press, Boston, 557 pp., \$15.00.
- DuBois, Shirley Graham, *His Day Is Marching On: A Memoir of W. E. B. DuBois*, Lippincott, Phila., Pa., \$7.95.
- Ho Chi Minh, *The Prison Diary of Ho Chi Minh*, translated by Aileen Palmer, Bantam Books, NYC, 103 pp., \$1.25 paper.
- Joys and Sorrows: Reflections by Pablo Casals, as told to Albert E. Kahn, Simon and Schuster, NYC.
- Kahn, Albert E., *The Unholy Hymnal: Falsities and Delusions Rendered by Richard M. Nixon, Lyndon B. Johnson, Attorney General Mitchell, J. Edgar Hoover, et al.*, Simon and Schuster, NYC, 159 pp., \$2.95.
- Kaufmann, Walter, *American Encounter*, Seven Seas Books, 137 pp.
- Kim, Byong Sik, *Modern Korea: The Socialist North, Revolutionary Perspectives in the South and Unification*, International Publishers, NYC, 320 pp., \$8.95 cloth, \$2.85 paper.
- Kotlobye, S. and Tetskaya, L., eds., *Rereading Dostoyevsky*, Novosti Press, Moscow.
- LeDuan, *The Vietnamese Revolution: Fundamental Problems and Essential Tasks*, International Publishers, NYC, \$5.95 cloth, \$1.95 paper.
- Levy, Dr. Howard and David Miller, *Going to Jail*, Grove Press, NYC, \$5.95.
- Major, Clarence, ed., *The New Black Poetry*, International Publishers, \$5.95 cloth, \$1.95 paper.
- Malamud, Bernard, *The Tenants*, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, NYC, \$5.95.
- Morris, George, *Rebellion in the Unions: A Handbook for Rank and File Action*, New Outlook Publishers, \$2.75 paper.
- Pomeroy, Wm. J., *Trails of Blame: Stories of the Philippines*, Seven Seas Books, 220 pp.
- Southern, Eileen, *The Music of Black Americans: A History*, W. W. Norton, NYC, 552 pp. \$10.00 cloth.

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BLACK AUTHORS AND WHITE JUDGES

Anca Vrbovska

With heartfelt thanks to Ernest Kaiser, Associate Editor, FREEDOMWAYS, and member of the staff of the Schomburg Collection of the N.Y. Public Library for supplying a list of Black authors.

"Judges of Book Awards Revolt On Use Of Nationwide Polling," so ran Henry Raymont's article in the *NY Times* issue of January 1, 1971. According to Mr. Raymont, the National Book Committee (following last year's criticism that the judges were too esoteric and tended to discriminate against bestsellers,) adopted new procedures to let a nationwide poll of booksellers, librarians and critics select half of the 70 nominees for the Book Awards. The five judges of the Poetry Panel—Allen Ginsberg, Richard Howard, Carolyn Kizer, Thorpe Menn and W. D. Snodgrass—revolted against the procedures and rejected every title chosen through the poll, substituting their own choices. The other six jurors' panels sided with the poets and voted to continue the "highly esoteric criteria." A highly "esoteric" criterion, would have excluded from nomination for the Awards Balzac, Tolstoy, Zola, Mark Twain, Gorky, Dreiser, Richard Wright, Whitman, Pushkin, Langston Hughes, more in public favor even at the present than most of our "esoteric" authors.

I found it still more puzzling that the 22nd National Book Awards failed to have on its panel of judges a single Black author. An oversight? Or racial bias? Among the 70 nominees there were but two Blacks: the poet, Michael S. Harper, and Maya Angelou, whose biography, "I know Why The Caged Bird Sings," was severely criticized by "Freedomways," a Black cultural periodical. Neither of the two Black nominees were winners. Space does not allow listing the names of all nominees, but there are indications of favoritism. The poets, Gregory Corso and Philip Whalen are Ginsberg's friends. The other poetry judges favored Mona Van Duyn, winner of the 1971 Award of \$1,000 for her book, "To See To Take." Mr. Ginsberg in an article, "Dear Committee," which appeared in the *NY Times* Book Review on April 4, '71, stormed against the poetry judges and Mona Van Duyn, the winner. He called her poetry, "Domesticated mediocrity." In his view, all of the poetry nominees lacked the "political-social-poetic

vision" of Gregory Corso and Philip Whalen. "Political-social-poetic vision?" Does Mr. Ginsberg mean by that the legislation of drugs, obscurantist chants and physical exercises to achieve tranquility in an escape from life? Will that eliminate racism, slums, poverty, wars? With due respect for Alan Ginsberg's poetic achievements, his anarchistic, drug-oriented vision often deflects our youth from serious issues—cuts in funds from education, unemployment, increased expenditure for armaments, and curtailment of freedom, and prods them into passive nirvanic escapism.

The all-white jury and all-white Awards winners caused me to interview Miss Helen E. Lee, the Publicity Director of the National Book Committee, at her office on 1 Park Avenue, New York. She was very friendly, cooperative and gave me vast amounts of printed information dealing with the origin and aims of the National Book Awards. I culled these salient facts: From 1950-'59 the Awards were conducted by a volunteer committee drawn from the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association and the Book Manufacturers Institute, who were the founders of the Awards in 1950. In 1968 the Association of American University Presses became a donor; the Children's Book Council in 1969; the National Association of College Stores, 1970; the National Translation Center (now disbanded) from 1967-69. The National Book Committee Inc., founded in 1954, became the administrator of the Awards in 1960. It consists, presumably, of a non-profit, independent membership group of citizens dedicated to "encourage the wiser use of books," and was the result of collaboration between the American Library Association and the American Book Publishers Council.

The "Biggest" new program of the Book Committee, Phase II, at the present is the Educational Media Selection Centers Project, the 1st Phase of which was funded with \$227,000 by the Bureau of Research of the U.S. Office of Education. It will identify and evaluate existing facilities where librarians, classroom teachers, and curriculum specialists can examine instruction materials—print and non-print—and be trained in their use.

The National Book Awards administers the National Medal for Literature; the Book Committee sponsors the National Library Week Program in collaboration with

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the American Library Association. (They built up quite a monopoly since 1950.)

Jurors panels are appointed yearly for these categories: Arts and Letters; Childrens' Literature; Fiction; History and Biography; Translation; and, as of 1969 on an alternating basis, Philosophy & Religion. Jurors are chosen for their literary and critical qualifications. Books considered must have been written in the USA during the calendar year. "Style is not enough. The book should contribute values to the heritage of world literature." Books are neither formally submitted nor automatically sent to the judges. Judges ask for copies of books they want to examine. This much for the condensed history of the National Book Awards.

As for the treatment of Black writers—since the birth of the Awards in 1950 one Black writer, Ralph Ellison, won the \$1,000 Award for his *Invisible Man* (1935.) He was also fiction judge in 1959; Gwendolyn Brooks, poet, was the only Black poetry judge in 1951. The Awards Committee of 21 included in 1971 Ralph Ellison. The recognition of honor given to two Black authors in 22 years does not amount even to "tokenism."

Does the National Book Awards and Book Committee mean that aside from Ralph Ellison and Gwendolyn Brooks no significant Black poets, authors, historians, biographers appeared on the American literary scene? How about Langston Hughes, James Baldwin, LeRoi Jones, Clarence Major, Nikki Giovanni, John O. Killens, to name a few excellent writers who showed us in their books the lives of Blacks and whites as it was in the past and as it is now.

Another omission (or bias)?: Not a single Black or

genuinely progressive reviewer was invited to the 22nd Book Awards Celebration held at Hotel Biltmore on March 31, 1971, attended by 107 invited media representatives. There were reviewers from NY Times, National Observer, NY Post, Life, Playboy, Partisan Review and other publications with a very limited circulation, but none from Amsterdam News (Black daily with 100,000 readers); Black World monthly, Ebony (40,000 circulation); or from Freedomways, an important Black cultural periodical. No reviewer from American Dialog, successor to New Masses and Mainstream, among the first publications to recognize Mike Gold, Ralph Ellison, Richard Wright, Langston Hughes. . . .

It is time that Walter Lowenfels, poet, anthologist, translator whose work has been translated by Francois Hugot, acclaimed by Kenneth Rexroth and other critics and writers, and such eminent Black poets and authors as Clarence Major, John O. Killens, Nikki Giovanni, to name a few, should be judges of the Awards and nominees as well. Their work has high literary merit and historical significance.

The National Book Awards, directed by the Book Committee, inspite of claims to fairness, honors mostly authors whose work will not alienate "donors," or disturb the system. "The Soledad Brothers" (1970), The Prison Letters of George Jackson, depicts with sensitivity of style and incisive realism the America of today—struggle for liberation; fight against poverty; war; racism; frame-ups; political murders; corrupt judges; courts and prisons. It is a superb historical-biography, written by a self-educated young Black while in the solitary prison of San Quentin on a frame-up charge of murder. This work deserved the 1970 award.

AN ELEMENTARY EDUCATION

Holly Elkins Cabarrus

To facilitate learning, students,
Remove the books from the shelves
One at a time,
Making certain you do not fail to remember
Between what two books the book you've
chosen belongs.

If you open the books, students,
Be certain not to open it too wide.
To do so might break the binding
Or bend the cover back,
If the book is a paperbound one.
Such offenses result in unsightly books

Holly Elkins Cabarrus is an instructor in English at the University of Texas at El Paso.

Which do not look neat and pretty
When lined up on the shelves in proper order.

If you examine the book, students,
Be certain not to move from in front of the shelf
Where the book belongs.
You must not lose sight of the book's proper place on
the shelf.

In returning the book, students,
Be sure to put it back neatly.
Do not push it far back
Or leave it sticking out in an unsightly manner.
Align it exactly with the other books
In proper fashion,
To facilitate learning.



JEWELS AMONG SWINE.

"The police authorities, that do not enforce the laws against the liquor traffic, that do not suppress gambling or houses of ill repute.....distinguished themselves on Saturday by arresting forty-three women, who went on the streets to sing and pray, and marching them to the station-house."—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY. June 13, 1874

Thomas Nast

There is nothing new under the Sun